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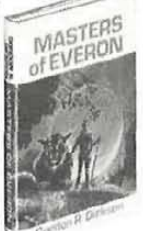
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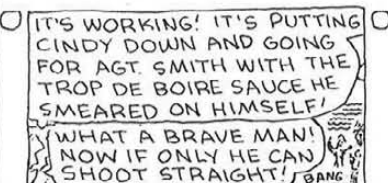
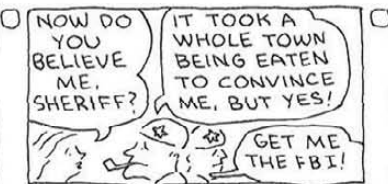
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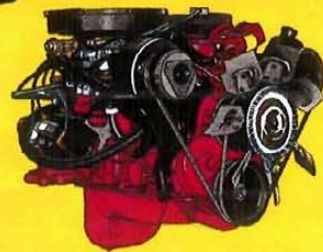
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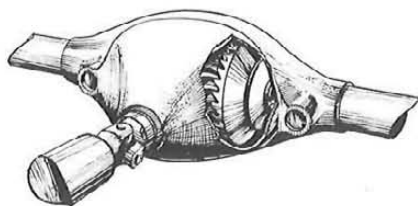
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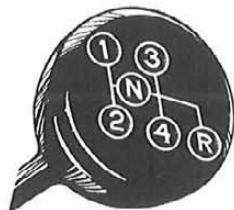
be dull! Jeep CJ for 1980 proves it! \*Approximate fuel economy estimates from available EPA test data. Subject to final EPA approval. Remember, use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. California figures lower.

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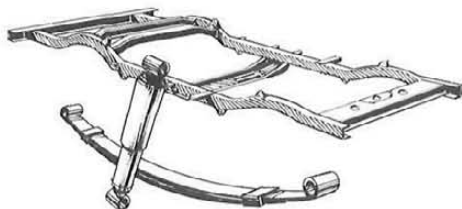
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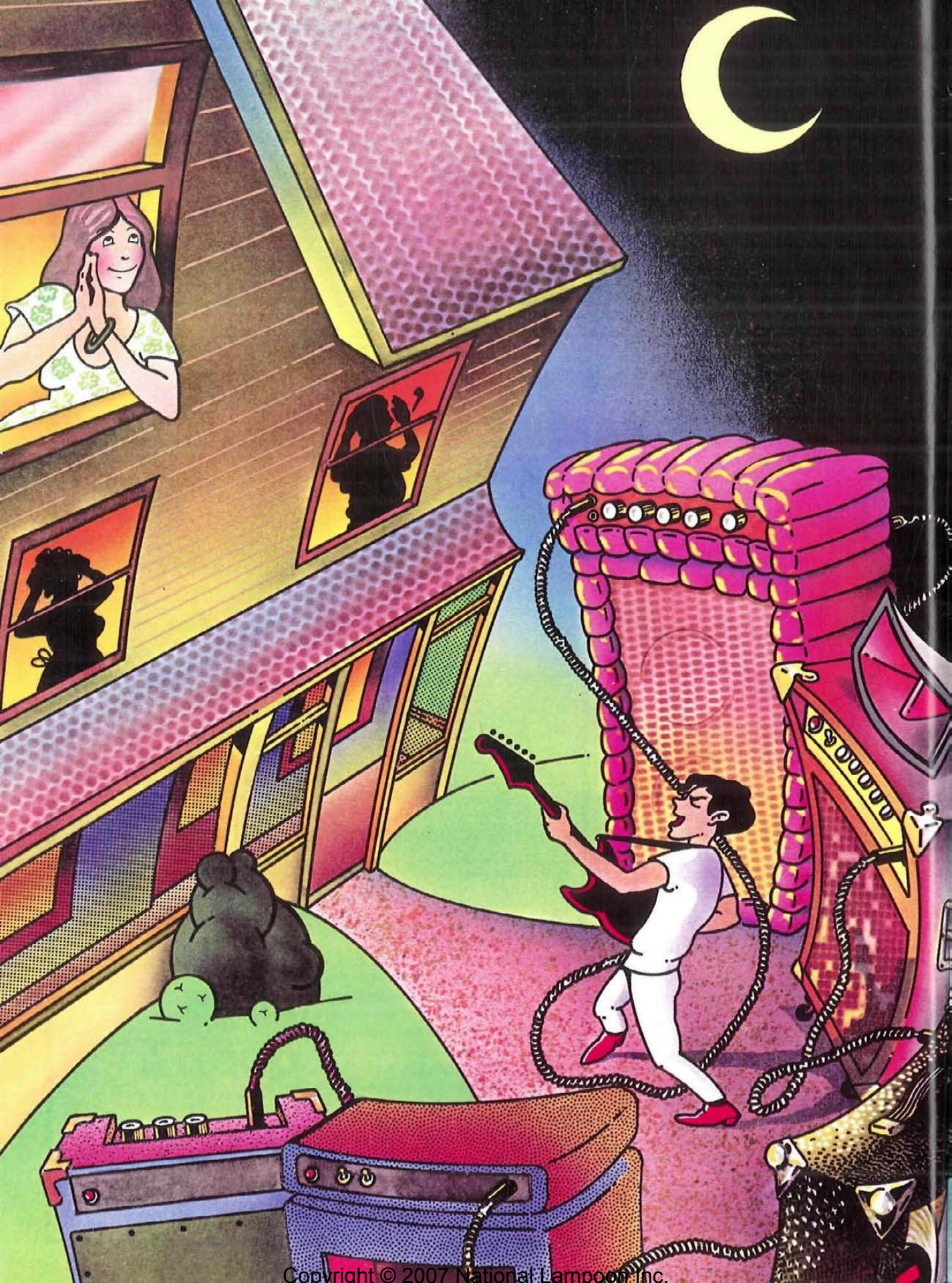
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**H**unting, fixed, obsessive, hopeless, unrequited, passionate love—what can its phylogenetic origin have been? What evolutionary process selected it? What biological functions form its source? What animal purpose could be served?

I must have been about four. I was sitting on the front seat of the car, and my mother was driving. We were going past the baseball stadium. I saw her face from the side, perfect, and hair so blond that it seemed like a light. I was suffused with love for her. And I reached over and pulled the hood-release knob. The Buick careened into a pennant and badge concession.

When I was in fifth grade there was a girl in my class named Sarah Reynolds. I don't remember much about her except that she was very little, not over four feet high, and dark-haired, and I thought her face was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, with the possible exception of the new 1957 Chrysler 300C. I don't believe I ever spoke six words to her, though we sat two seats apart, but I followed her everywhere the way I would have pestered a hamster to death. I don't think there was any response to this. In fact, I can't think what response I would have wanted. I knew, by then, the rudimentary mechanics of reproduction—where the penis went and what it did when it got there. I even knew you were supposed to wildly desire having it do that. But I didn't find the prospect very appealing yet. If I ever envisioned Sarah Reynolds naked, I can't recall it. And breastless, waistless, hipless, with the bald cunt of a toddler, there wouldn't have been much to envision.

Sarah Reynolds was the object of desire before there was any desire to be felt. There was just this fantastic face. But, then, there always is. It's the face that haunts you. That's why the missionary position is so unsatisfactory. Those scrunched-up features and twisted expressions, the facial contortions of pleasure or pain, or, worse yet, the idiotic grins that women screw their countenances into during the sex act: it's like watching a subdevelopment go up in Yosemite. Which is the charm of a blowjob. That look—with mouth agape and eyes closed tight—is a much better theatrical representation of ec-

stasy than any real ecstasy ever produces. Of course, it rarely gets to blowjobs, or the love wouldn't be unrequited. But, anyway, what do we want from that face? I mean, besides the blowjob? We want something, I think, to show on that face that has never shown on any face at all. Discounting Christ on the cross. And, even there, if the truth were to be known, he probably looked more like a man who'd been at the dentist's all day than anything else.

Now I admit that this face must be accompanied by some suitable figure. A friend of mine had a receptionist that I went crazy over. I'd see her sitting behind the phone console every time I came by his office, and I was on the point of making some maddened advance when, one day, she stood up. I was confronted by this vast, boat-hull lower half of her body, about as attractive as most boroughs of New York. And, as for Sarah Reynolds, I didn't see her again for almost five years. She, unfortunately, had stayed not four feet tall.

Still, you can't fall in love with a butt. Although you can want it awfully bad. There's one I'm thinking of right now—firm, smooth, small, compact, rounded, with identical twin dimples above each globe of flesh and just a trace of fine white down at the base of the spine, tawny colored, blushed with rose, mounted on svelte, unblemished thighs between which... But I can stand that. Anybody can. As much as I might want it just this instant—enough to buy wrists full and ear loads of silly jewelry, get in bar fights, and spend astounding amounts on coast-to-coast air fare—I'd still never throw myself in front of a car for it the way I did for the face of Tracy Cole. That is, I tried to throw myself in front of a car. I mean, I was walking alongside an expressway late at night and...well, actually I held myself back at the last minute. Also, I was on the wrong side of a chain-link fence. But I *did* think about it.

She was a little girl, too. But more toward five feet or five feet two. I'm a sucker for the little-bitty ones. Being in love with something real big would be too scary. Too much like religion or something. She had smooth, shapely legs and these sleek, thinly bra'd breasts that bounced around under an enormous varsity-letter sweater that

continued on page 28





Sirs:

We're under the gun to hire a spook on the Federal Reserve Board. Do you know one that can count and express himself without using the word *shit*? Let us know.

White House Recruiting Committee  
White House  
Washington, DC

Sirs:

I can understand why state driver's license examiners would require me to take my clothes off for my driver's license picture because the styles of hair and makeup change; but your body doesn't change all that much; and besides, he said it was confidential, which is OK, even if I did have to get into some very uncomfortable positions and lift my legs up over my head. But what I don't understand is why we taxpayers spend all that money for all those new state office buildings. I had to go get my driver's license renewed in a dirty little office over one of those filthy bookstores.

Victoria Degamma  
12 W. Carson Street  
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

Do you realize that if we didn't have Jewish men, we'd never know how silly grown-up guys look in tight leather jackets, designer jeans, and cowboy boots?

Earl Whiteguy  
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Why, Ah nevah will forget the day Ah had forty gentlemen callers, yes forty. Why, Ah had to borrow chairs from the neighbors to accommodate them all, and Ah made *gallons* of lemonade, and, oh my, but they were fine, handsome men, real gentlemen, not the kind of *common* man you see these days, and Ah said to them all—oh, I was in a *state*—Ah said, *how* can Ah evah repay y'all for your kind attentions? And they just said, "Tom, write a play!" So Ah did. Ah have been writing that same play evah since.

Tennessee Williams  
The Waterfront  
New Orleans

Sirs:

I've just been to the Vatican and saw the pope blessing bibles in a warehouse a couple of blocks from the old curia buildings. (Religious supplies that have been blessed by the pope are first cabin as far as the Catholics are concerned.) Anyway, I always pictured the Holy Father consecrating each item individually in some type of private, mysterious ceremony; but instead, he stands at one end of the building, by the loading dock, and blesses hun-

dreds of thousands of bibles while they're still in the crates and on the pallets. At one point, he did walk up and down the aisles sprinkling holy water, but the whole operation was sloppy as hell because only some of the crates and none of the bibles were hit. Do you suppose his blessing could have "leaked" into other areas of the warehouse? There were twenty or thirty reams of newsprint and a whole shitload of Fiat quarter-elliptic leaf springs piled up next to the bibles that could be sacred now, for all I know. And, Jesus, if the blessing drifted into the duct work, there were about 20,000 drums of sodium nitrate on the upper level that may have gotten it, too. Maybe the pope can actually aim his blessings, like a water hose, and hit just the stuff he wants; but if that's the case, why come all the way down to some hot, dirty warehouse? He could just stand at his window and fire his blessings directly at the delivery trucks as they pass below. I suppose an experienced pope would learn to "lead" them when they were moving at high speeds, kind of like a quarterback. Too much, huh?

V.V. Rydeska  
5486 N. N Street  
San Diego, Cal.

Sirs:

You dudes have really gone soft here at the end of the seventies. Where's all the really heavy political shit, like "Tricia Shaves Her Twat," that you used to run? Huh?

Van Mann  
c/o My Van, Man

Sirs:

Please, before any more harm is done, pass this along to your readers: in *Baby and Child Care* I urged that "nipples always be boiled before feeding the baby."

This does not, I repeat, not apply to nursing mothers.

Benjamin Spock, MD  
New York, NY

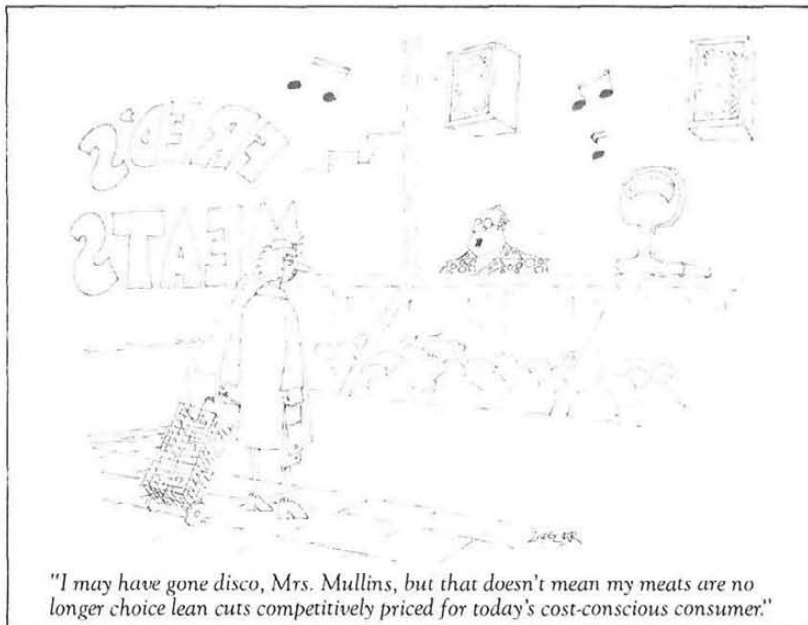
Sirs:

You say that I am not fit to lick the bottom of my brother John's shoes. This is not true. I am fit to lick the bottom of anybody's shoes!

Ted Kennedy  
US Senate Cocktail Lounge  
Washington, DC

Sirs:

We don't really have anything to write—we just want to see our names



in print 'cause they're cuter than tiny bubbles. The editor of the *New York Times* thought so, and we bet you'll agree!

Aloha!

Don and Heidi Ho  
Cummonawannalaya, Hawaii

Sirs:

Hi! It's me again, and I'm feeling superneat because I just got my period. I'm not feeling superneat because I have cramps or anything like that. I'm feeling superneat because when you have your period, you get to use your mouth on dates!

Sally Sue Sundae  
Girl's Rest Room  
Biology Wing

Sirs:

Whoever invented the cat sure did a good job! I love how they walk and make those sounds and eat and go to the bathroom and lick themselves clean—all without batteries! I got mine free, but I would have paid at least as much for it as I did for my electric garage door opener. Which is not nearly as nifty.

Wilson Hammer Becker  
Roanoke, Va.

Sirs:

We have gotten the wheels rolling toward informing our citizens that a biscuit is not a cookie but, in fact, a biscuit. A cookie is, of course, a cookie. Furthermore, we are making it known that a bonnet is a hat and not a hood of an auto, which is, of course, a hood. We hope soon to be driving on the correct side of the street and decide once and for all whether we shall call ourselves Great Britain, England, or the UK. Thank you so much for your patience.

Sir Wallace Dingleton-Shingle  
Chipped-Beef-on-Toast  
Kent W943 S77 TR5545

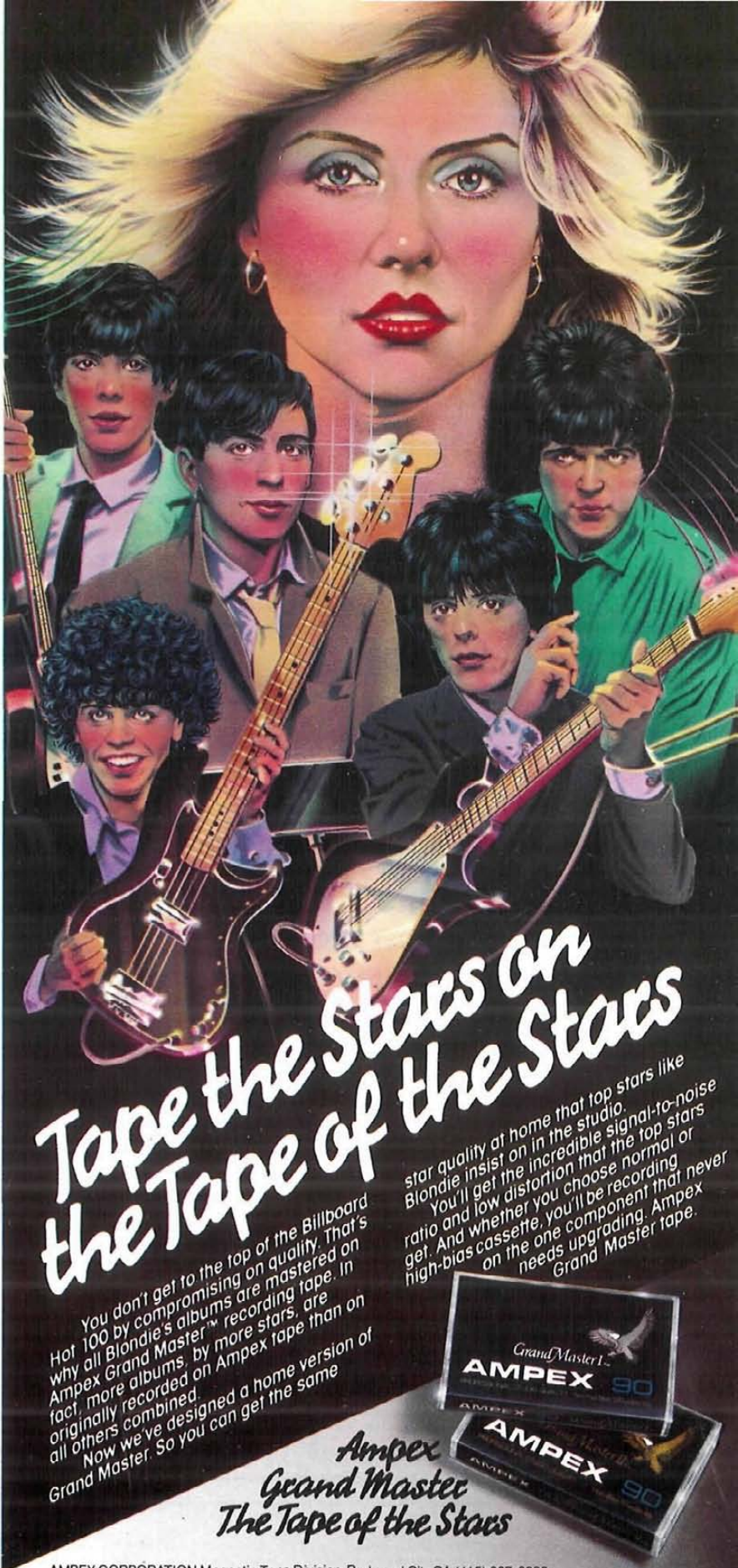
PS: We're working on an easier way to get our mail about as well.

Sirs:

Has anyone ever noticed how much I look like Winston Churchill? The same bulldog jowls, self-satisfied snout, and little piggy eyes, the same smug curl of the lips, and an identical massive brow. Twenty-five hundred dollars buys you an introductory course that tells you exactly what it means.

L. Ron Hubbard  
Onboard the Sea Org

*continued on page 16*




# Tape the Stars on the Tape of the Stars

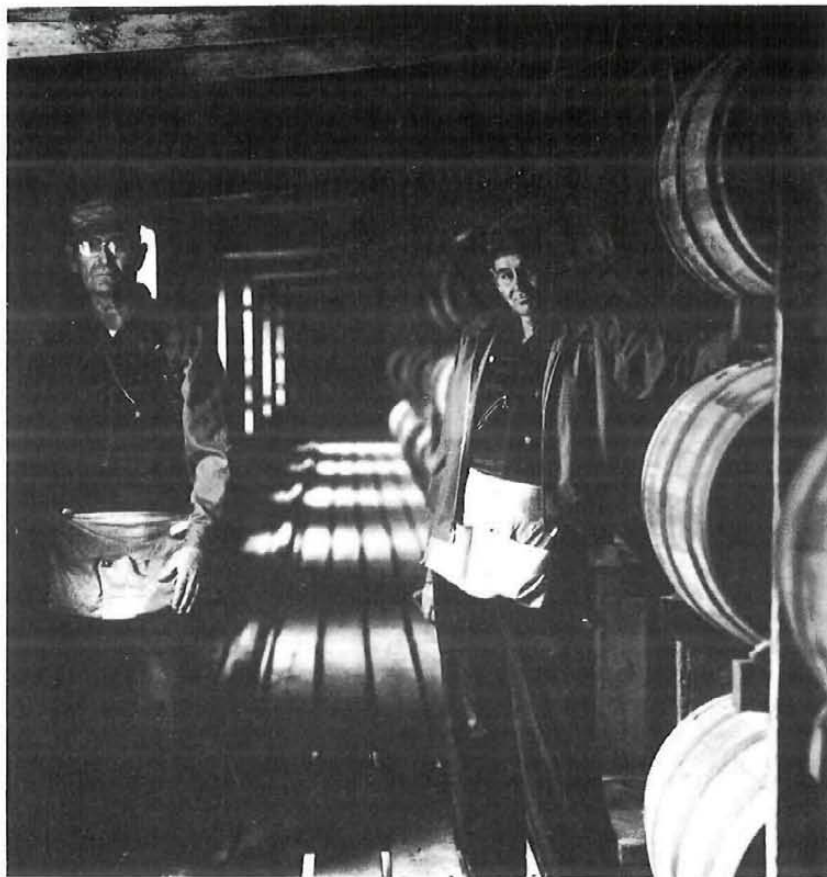
star quality at home that top stars like  
Blondie insist on in the studio.  
You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise  
ratio and low distortion that the top stars  
get. And whether you choose normal or  
high-bias cassette, you'll be recording  
on the one component that never  
needs upgrading. Ampex  
Grand Master tape.

You don't get to the top of the Billboard  
Hot 100 by compromising on quality. That's  
why all Blondie's albums are mastered on  
Ampex Grand Master™ recording tape. In  
fact, more albums, by more stars, are  
originally recorded on Ampex tape than on  
Grand Master.

Now we've designed a home version of  
Grand Master. So you can get the same

**Ampex  
Grand Master  
The Tape of the Stars**





THESE MEN can tell exactly what's happening inside every barrel in a Jack Daniel's warehouse.

In the heat of summer the whiskey is expanding into the charred inner wood of the barrel. Come Halloween, it's starting to cool. And inching its way back toward the center. Over the aging period, this gentle circulation of whiskey is going on constantly. Of course, it can't be perceived by the human eye. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll recognize its importance.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP

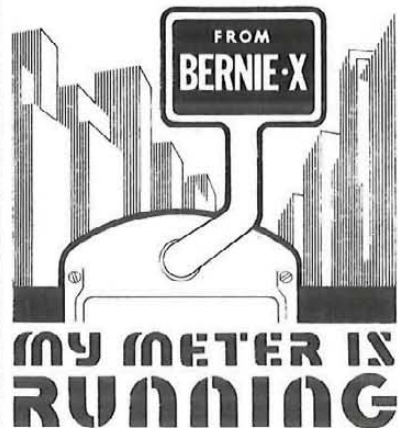


BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

## TIPS AND TALES



...as told to Gerald Sussman

*Editor's note:* About a year ago, Bernie X suffered a serious accident when his cab "slipped" on a shipment of bananas that accidentally fell off a truck that was in front of him on Second Avenue, in Manhattan. Bernie had to swerve to get out of the way of the bananas and rammed into another car. The result was a lot of broken bones and a long stay at the hospital.

After months of convalescence, Bernie was itching to get behind the wheel, only to discover that his boss laid him off. ("That's the thanks I get for twenty-two years with the same company. While I was in the hospital, that fucking Kotex hired all his cousins from Greece. Then he hired every douche bag who came in the door—Indians, Koreans, Shvugies, whatever. What the fuck did I do to him? So I rode off the meter once in a while. Everybody does it—for a little coffee money.")

This was not a happy time for Bernie. He was having difficulty finding another cab-driving job, and pretty soon he started moping around the house, watching TV, and feeling sorry for himself, or, at best, going to the track with a few neighborhood pals. ("I win a couple of hundred a day. I'm not greedy. I got a system. It's called knowing which horse will win.")

The long months of convalescence, followed by an enforced idleness, gave Bernie a lot of time to think. That was the problem. Bernie was not a thinker. He was a doer, a man of action. He needed work. And then his friend Peenz came to the rescue.

"The Peenz," as he was called, owned and drove his own trailer truck, one of the big rigs. It seemed that he had caught a bad case of hepatitis from eating a bad clam ("Or maybe a bad pussy—Peenz was a great pussy eater, from way

back”) and was going to be laid up for months. He had a shipment of Spanish espadrilles, a ladies’ summer shoe, that had to be delivered to Los Angeles, and he asked Bernie to take over for him. The money was good, the driving was easy, and he would have ten days to get to LA. It was the perfect answer to Bernie’s problem—to rehabilitate himself by getting behind the wheel again. He even liked the idea of a little change from the New York scene. So he met with the Peenz, got the details, and headed for the open road—a cross-country trip to California. The following is an account of his journey.

So here I am, behind the wheel of the biggest fucking truck I ever saw—king of the road. The Peenz showed me a few driving tricks and told me about the CB radio and the good truck stops and all that shit. I don’t know from CB radios, I don’t understand how they work. I say that stuff is for the goyim, not for me. Peenz said I can use his CB name, which is “Robin Hood.” Or I could announce myself on his band and use a name of my own. I said, “What if I call myself ‘King Cock’?” He said, “Don’t fuck around, and don’t make fun of the CB. It’s a very serious thing and it may save my life someday. Fine, I said. I’ll call myself the ‘Wandering Jew.’”

Meanwhile, I figured out that since the espadrilles are due in ten days and I could easily make it in five, I had some extra time to kill, so I could stop somewhere and break the monotony. Being on the open road, you think a lot about getting laid. While I was going down memory lane in my head, remembering all the broads I used to do in the backseat of my cab, I remembered a girl named Tammy. Tammy was one of these runaways. Y’know, one of those teenage kids who get bored with life in a small town and come to the Big Apple to meet a rich guy and get a modeling job. It must have been ten years ago when I picked her up and she told me to take her to Greenwich Village. She had one of these southern accents that I could hardly understand. A cute-looking kid, who I figured to be about twelve, thirteen at most. When we got downtown she gives me the old story—no money. Got taken for all her dough by some modeling-school bunko game. She said she wanted to see someone down in the Village who might lend her some money, but if I couldn’t wait, she would give me her body instead.

Now normally I’m not one of those child molesters. I’ll take a chance with

a real teenager once in a while, even though I know I’m fucking jailbait, but this one looks young enough to be my grandchild. But then I take a good look at her, and there’s something in that face that tells me she’s been around the block a few times. She says she’s eighteen, but I swear she’s no more than twelve. She’s got one of those bodies that is just beginning to develop, if you know what I mean. Skinny, but not too skinny, with cute little titties and a small neat bush. She’s one of those dirty blonds with a turned-up nose and freckles, but with full sexy lips that look like they’ve done some dirty work already.

In two seconds flat she’s got all her clothes off—right in the middle of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street, in the backseat. Two minutes later we’re parked near the Hudson River in a secluded spot, and, I swear to God, I had the nine best fucks of my life. After we finished, Tammy asked me if I ever read a book called *Lolita*. I said I never heard of it. She said it was her favorite book and that I should read it. Then she got dressed, wrote down her name and her real address, ran the hell out of the car, and told me to look her up sometime. I was still so fucked out I didn’t run after her, but I tell you, it took me a long time to get her out of my mind. Tammy Lou Williams was her full name. And she lived someplace in Tennessee. I’ve fucked maybe 1,900 broads since then, but Tammy may have been the best. We both knew how terrific it was, and for a while there I think I was in love with her.

I never lost that piece of paper with her name and address. Tammy Lou Williams, 121 Weeping Willow Lane, Spitzburg, Tennessee. Well, I look at my road map and find this little town, and it turns out to be right on my route. It’s only a few miles from Nashville. Ten years is a long time, but what the fuck have I got to lose? She can’t be more than twenty-two, twenty-three years old. Maybe I’ll get lucky. Maybe I can throw her a fuck for old times’ sake.

So I drive my truck like a maniac and pull into Nashville in midafter-



noon. By four o’clock I’m in Spitzburg. I call the number for that address and am told that Tammy no longer lives there but can be reached at another number. I call, and, sure as shit, Tammy answers. We talk, and it’s just like we never left each other. She doesn’t even bat an eyelash over the phone. It’s “Hurry up and come over I can’t wait.” Five minutes later I’m knocking at the door, and one minute after that, I’m boffing her brains out.

After I satisfy my insane desires (I’m a crazy man when I’m horny) I take a good look at Tammy. She’s a little taller and a little fuller in certain parts, but not too full. She’s still kind of skinny. In fact, her face has gotten thinner and harder and there’re worry lines there already. It looks like Tammy’s had a bit of a tough time since I’ve seen her last. But that doesn’t stop her from being very loving and terrific to me, and I did my best for her. I know this sounds crazy, but this broad was saving herself for me after all those years. She showed me something to prove it. She opened a drawer and fished out an old leather belt, a Hiecock belt with my initial “B” on it. She slipped it off my pants when she left my cab that day and kept it as a souvenir. I was so fucked out, I didn’t even notice it at the time. She treasured that belt all these years, and lots of times when she was alone she would wear it next to her skin, buckled real tight, as a reminder of that day. She liked the mark it left around her waist when she took it off. Well, that did it. I was falling for her again.

There was something about this broad that really got to me. Like I said, I’m not exactly a virgin. In fact, more than a couple of hot-shit movie stars have asked me to live with them. But this skinny kid with small tits and a tough-looking face made me feel different, like I had to protect her. I don’t know, maybe I was getting soft in my old age. Anyway, we were lying in bed, all fucked out, just playing a little, when I hear the front door opening. “Oh my Christ,” she yells. “I forgot all about Duane. It must be near dinner-time.” Duane? Who’s Duane? “Duane is my husband, you silly man,” she says. Well, what the fuck am I supposed to do now? Tell him I thought you were a dry cleaner and that I was just waiting for you to finish pressing my clothes? She says, “Don’t worry, we’ll think of something.”

Part II of the story will appear next month. □



**“The Minolta XD-5 gives you that and a lot more.”**

**Bruce Jenner—**  
Olympic Decathlon Winner.



For the simplicity of continuous automatic exposure, plus almost unlimited versatility, there's the incredible Minolta XD-5 35mm SLR camera.

Why incredible?

Because the XD-5 is easy to use, yet offers you so many different ways to get great pictures.

If you want to set the lens opening, the XD-5 will automatically set the correct shutter speed. If you want to set the shutter speed, the XD-5 will automatically set the correct lens opening.

If you want total creative control, you can set both lens opening and shutter speed.

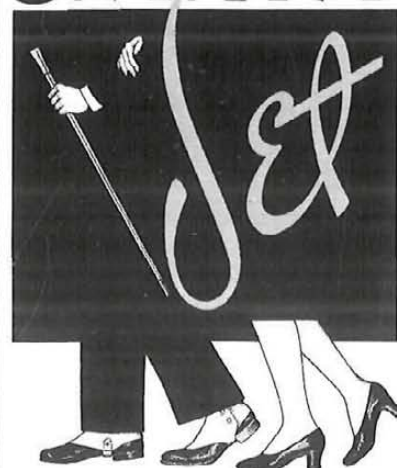
And what's even more incredible, the XD-5 is the world's least expensive multi-mode camera.

For more information about the Minolta XD-5, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta, Ontario, L4W 1A4. Or see your photo dealer. He'll tell you why Minolta is the automatic choice in automatic cameras.

**minolta**  
**XD-5**

The automatic choice  
for versatility.

THE  
**SMART**



Surprise box-office smash: **APOCALYPSE NOW** is a gigantic hit in Hanoi, where it's playing Saturday matinees double-billed with *Son of Flubber* plus a Sylvester and Tweety cartoon.... Producer/director/writer/bankrupt slob **FRANCIS COPPOLA**'s next project will be to take **JERRY LEWIS**'s *The Nutty Professor* and turn it into a novel by **JOSEPH CONRAD**....

\* \* \*

Elsewhere on the international scene, ex-UN ambassador **ANDREW YOUNG** has a new job—master of ceremonies at the **Zambian National Pig Rodeo**.... Mr. Young will be the recipient, next month, of the **YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM**'s Slum Landlord and Knife-Wielding Mugger Trophy Cup, which is awarded each year to the person who has "stirred up the most trouble between niggers and Jews...."

\* \* \*

Speaking of politics, Carter administration "image engineer" **GERALD RAFSHOON** has a new client—cervical cancer.... Gerry's already doing his darnedest to get better press for that frequently misunderstood malignancy....

\* \* \*

The **VILLAGE PEOPLE** have straightened out—result of a midnight visit to a fancy bordello in New Orleans.... "Wow! Girls are swell!" said VIP originator/producer **JACQUES MORALL**. "They're smooth, not hairy, and they're real soft, and they smell

great!" ... Famed group will retire from the disco circuit and open a Jeep dealership in Flint, Michigan....

\* \* \*

Speaking of disco, 368 movies about **DISCO ROLLER SKATING** are underway—12 of them by the same producer who keeps forgetting that he already stole the idea from himself....

\* \* \*

"CHiPs" actor **ERIK ESTRADA** now recovered from his near-fatal accident.... Erik has promised NBC that he'll never again chew gum while trying to ride the large motorcycle that stars in the series....

Also on the sick list: politico **JOHN CONNALLY**—rumored to have cancer of the ethical system.... And actress **BRITT EKLAND**, in the hospital getting silicone injections to increase the size of her brain....

\* \* \*

**ALAN KING** will be roasted by the Friars Club next month.... Mr. King, whose flesh resembles pork, is considered too greasy to fry and not important enough to bake....

\* \* \*

Two-legged thespian **CHEVY CHASE** will co-star with superpooch **BENJI** in *Oh Heavenly Dog*.... Benji sniffed the ex-Not Ready for Prime Time Player's asshole and gave studio the okay....

Meanwhile, former Chase compatriots **JOHN BELUSHI** and **DANNY AYKROYD** are finished at last with the **BLUES BROTHERS** movie, which will be razed and replaced with a shopping center....

\* \* \*

More casting notes: **DON KNOTTS** to star in NBC made-for-TV movie *Why Not the Best?*... And **VANESSA REDGRAVE** will play Anne Frank in a musical remake co-starring **ANDY GIBB** as Kurt, Anne's secret Nazi boyfriend....

\* \* \*

Buzz buzz buzz: **PRINCESS MARGARET** broke a fingernail at England's Churchill Downs racetrack and had to be destroyed in the infield.... First lady of the Philippines **IMELDA MARCOS** having a lesbian affair with **PIERRE TRUDEAU**.... Punk star **PATTI SMITH** taking vocal lessons—she's considering becoming a

continued on page 17

## "The XG-1 gives you Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System"



The Minolta XG-1 is Bruce Jenner's camera. Because it's compact, lightweight, and measures light in a way that makes action photography just about foolproof.

Because even if your subject is moving from sunlight to shadow, Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System changes the exposure for you. Automatically.

That means you can concentrate on the action. The XG-1 does just about everything else.

You can add to your range of creative ideas by adding a Minolta Auto Winder or Auto Electroflash. Or any of the more than 40 computer designed Minolta lenses.

As for value, the XG-1 is the least expensive automatic 35mm SLR Minolta has ever made.

All this means, with the XG-1 you can take the pictures you never thought you could take. At a price you never thought you could afford.

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# minolta XG-1

The automatic choice  
for value.



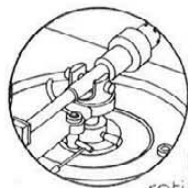
# Introducing the ADC 1700DD turntable. The quality begins with the tonearm...



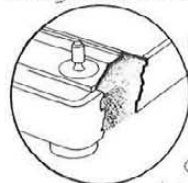
## ...and keeps on going.

The tonearm you'll find on the ADC 1700DD reduces mass and resonance to new lows. So the music you hear comes out pure and clean.

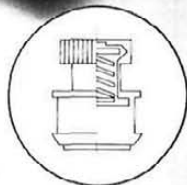
Our engineers have combined the latest advancements of audio technology to create the amazing 1700DD, the first low mass, low resonance turntable.



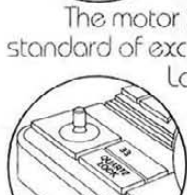
The famous LMF carbon fibre tonearm was the model for the sleek black anodized aluminum tonearm found on the ADC 1700DD. The headshell is molded carbon fibre, long known for its low mass to high tensile strength ratio. The viscous cueing is a gentle 4mm/sec., and the tempered spring anti-skate adjustment is infinitely variable to 3.5 grams. The pivot system uses stainless steel instrument bearings, which are hand-picked and perfectly matched to both the outer and inner races for virtually frictionless movement. All this makes it the best tonearm found on an integrated turntable.



The base on the ADC 1700DD turntable is constructed of a highly dense structural foam which absorbs and neutralizes resonance and feedback. The speed selection control is an electronic microswitch which will respond to your lightest touch.



Supporting this resonance-cancelling base are energy absorbing, resonance-tuned rubber suspension feet. These suspension feet help to stabilize the base while controlling resonance.



The motor in the ADC 1700DD is also present standard of excellence: Direct Drive Quartz Phase-Locked Loop. A quartz crystal is used

in the reference oscillator of the motor. An electronic phase comparator constantly monitors any variance in the speed, making

instantaneous corrections. Even when

out of the Quartz-Locked mode, the optical scanning system keeps drift at below 0.2%. Wow and flutter are less than .03%. Rumble is an incredible -70dB Din B.

The result of all these breakthroughs is pure, uninterrupted enjoyment.

We invite you to a demonstration of this and the other remarkable ADC turntables at your nearest franchised dealer.

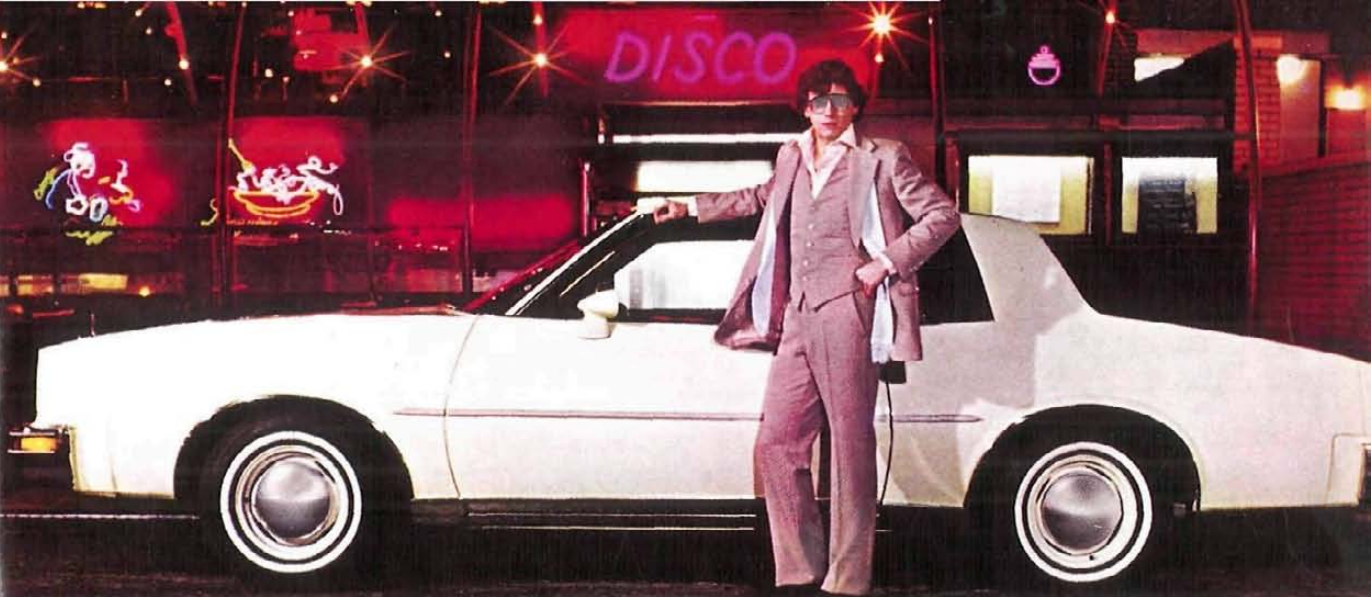
Or write for further information to: ADC Professional Products, a division of BSR Consumer Products Group, Route 303, Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913. Distributed in Canada by BSR (Canada) Ltd., Ontario.



**ADC. We build breakthroughs.**

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## THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. CAR STEREO FOR THE TRAVELIN' MAN WITH EARS OF EXPERIENCE.

Until now, comparing car stereo to home stereo was like night to day. Auto sound equipment was completely in the dark. Powerless to produce serious audio reproduction. Hopelessly lacking in high fidelity specs. For a travelin' man with *ears of experience*, this was the pure "pits".

But that's all over now. Now that Sparkomatic has introduced its radically new High Power Car Stereo series. With exacting high performance high fidelity credentials. Tuners with exceptional FM sensitivity; credible multipath signal rejection; superb separation; integrated cassette or 8-track with virtually inaudible distortion and unnoticeable wow and flutter.

The power: a bone shaking 45 watts.

Sparkomatic's SR 3300 High Power AM/FM Stereo with Auto Reverse Cassette has some other impressive high fidelity touches as well. Like *feather touch* electronic controls and sophisticated tape handling capabilities. All told, a component-looking package that delivers faithful high fidelity pleasure in its *purist* form.

And Sparkomatic High Fidelity Speakers complete a car sound system that produces the highest form of *erotic* experience.

Visit a Sparkomatic dealer and get a Sparkomatic high power car stereo demonstration soon.

**SPARKOMATIC**  
For the Travelin' Man™

For our free catalogs on Car High Fidelity write: "For The Travelin' Man", Dept. NL, Sparkomatic Corporation, Millford, PA 18337

## LETTERS

*continued from page 9*

Sirs:

You know what I found out? It took almost five years, but I discovered that when I do shows on a sexual topic, the women grab the microphone and hold it in suggestive ways—all unconsciously. I've even seen them run their fingers up and down the Shure A-50. Sometimes they even play with the head, where the switch is. I swear it's true because I've looked at the videotapes, which I could send you if you want.

Phil Donahue  
WGN-TV

Sirs:

What's the worst thing you can put in your mouth? I've heard varying opinions on this. I need to know because I'm Catholic.

Connie "The Bomb" Scuzapelli  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Do you know that if you stick your finger way up your nose, you can touch your eyeball from the inside? It's a good way to kill some time in court.

Benson Ford  
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sirs:

I really blew it last night. We were all having dinner at my grandmother's, and I know I'll never be invited again. See, after we finished, Grandma started to clear, and suddenly she put both hands on the table and began to tremble and shake. I shouted, "This is it. Quick, tell us where the will is!" Then I found out she was just trying to remove a rubber placemat and the table was wet. I really blew it.

Reggie Lipstein  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sirs:

After thorough research for my term paper, I've come up with the two most commonly heard sentences within a twenty-mile radius of Miami Beach.

1. "Joel, Rachel, meet me at the pool."

2. "Manny, I'll be at the ice machine."

Vicki Blattmeier  
University of Miami

Sirs:

I just found the hugest, ugliest thing in my underpants. Are you guys missing an editor?

Fritz Weaver  
Clemency Falls, Mo.

Sirs:

Just for the record, I'd like to fuck the following: Catherine Bach, Shelley Hack, Shana Alexander, Nancy Lopez, the brunette on "Dukes of Hazzard," Adama's daughter on "Battlestar Galactica," Kate Jackson, Gidget, Audrey Hepburn, Mary Tyler Moore, Cheryl Tiegs, Diana Ross, Genevieve Bujold, Kathy Crosby, Jane Pauley, Ali MacGraw, Karen Black, Hotlips, Susan Anton, all the girls in *Hair*, Jane Fonda, Gilda, Jane Curtin, Mick Jagger's girl friend and old wife, Candice Bergen, Dolly Parton, Chris Evert, Elizabeth Montgomery, any girl that's ever been in *Playboy*, Britt Ekland, Rod Stewart's wife, Annie Hall, Meryl Streep, Patty McGuire, Suzanne Somers, Donna Summer, and some teenagers. I'll keep in touch.

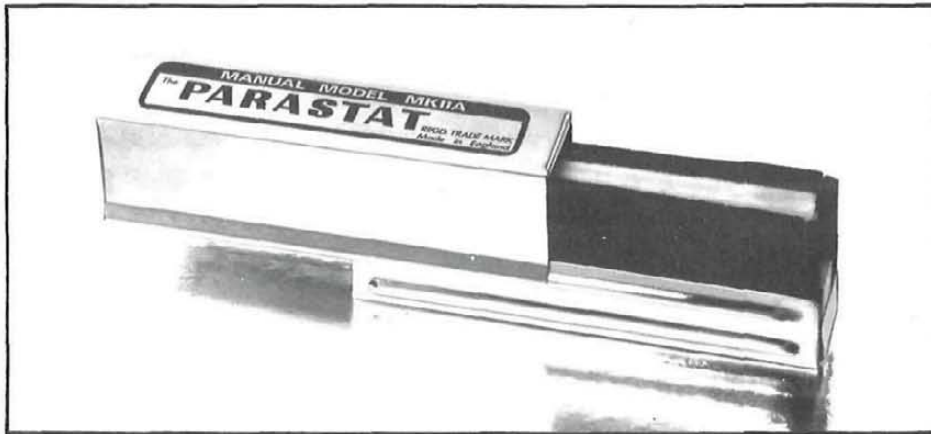
Hank Strupp  
Eldorado, Mo.

Sirs:

Talk about fucking rude people! I was in Big Boy's, and my cheeseburger just arrived, and the guy at the next table leans over and says, "Can I have your cheeseburger?" Is that rude or is that rude? I was so suprised that I gave it to him. I tell you, this world is full of assholes.

Bernie Grossfogel  
Milwaukee, Wis.

## The Watts Parastat



### In 15 seconds your records are clean, dry and ready to play.

With some systems you pour liquid on your records (and rub it into the grooves), while with others you brush the dirt around (and rub it into the grooves). The Watts Parastat is neither of these.

By placing a plush velvet pad on either side of a soft nylon brush and adding a drop or two of Parastatik® fluid, a

remarkably efficient system is created.

The brush bristles lift the rubbish to the surface. The pads collect and remove it. And the Parastatik® fluid supplies just the right degree of humidity to relax dust collecting static without leaving any kind of film or deposit behind.

No other system does so much for

your records in so little time.

So when you want the best, ask for the original. The Parastat, by Cecil Watts.

Watts products are distributed exclusively in the U.S. by: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, NY 11530.

*Cecil & Watts Ltd*

## THE SMART SET

continued from page 13

singer.... And **MARLON BRANDO** will give up acting to become a cliff diver in Acapulco....

\* \* \*

The **CALIFORNIA SENATE** has reversed itself and will allow actress **JANE FONDA** to sit on the State Arts Council—if she promises to do it with her pants off and a sock stuck in her mouth....

\* \* \*

**MARIO PUZO's** next novel will be about a fat Italian hack writer who tries to commit suicide by embarrassing himself to death....

\* \* \*

**TIMOTHY LEARY** is hitting the boards as a stand-up comic.... In retaliation, **BUDDY HACKETT** and **SHECKY GREEN** will take drugs and lecture at Harvard....

\* \* \*

Congratulations to **JOE NAM-ATH** on his legitimate stage debut in William Inge's *Picnic*.... Joe's performance has been compared to acting by some who should know....

\* \* \*

And last but not least, the FBI is looking into charges of witchcraft leveled against **KEITH RICHARDS's** common-law wife **ANITA PALLEMBERG**.... Anita is suspected of having used black magic to turn the **ROLLING STONES** into a gaggle of middle-aged cocaine addicts who hang out in discotheques listening to the Tramps and doing the Latin hustle.... □

### A Poem for Our Nation's Miners

This here poem is for our nation's miners,  
They're workin' hard to keep their families fed.  
They're helpin' all of us through the energy crisis  
With their shovels and their flashlights on their heads.

A miner might get caught by a disaster,  
Every day he takes a terrible chance,  
So we have lumps of coal for Christmas stockings  
And coal oil to sell to barbers in France.

—Comdr. Snot W. Goatlips III

*"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend: Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end!"*  
—Robert Service

The black sheep of Canadian liquors.

# Yukon Jack

Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.

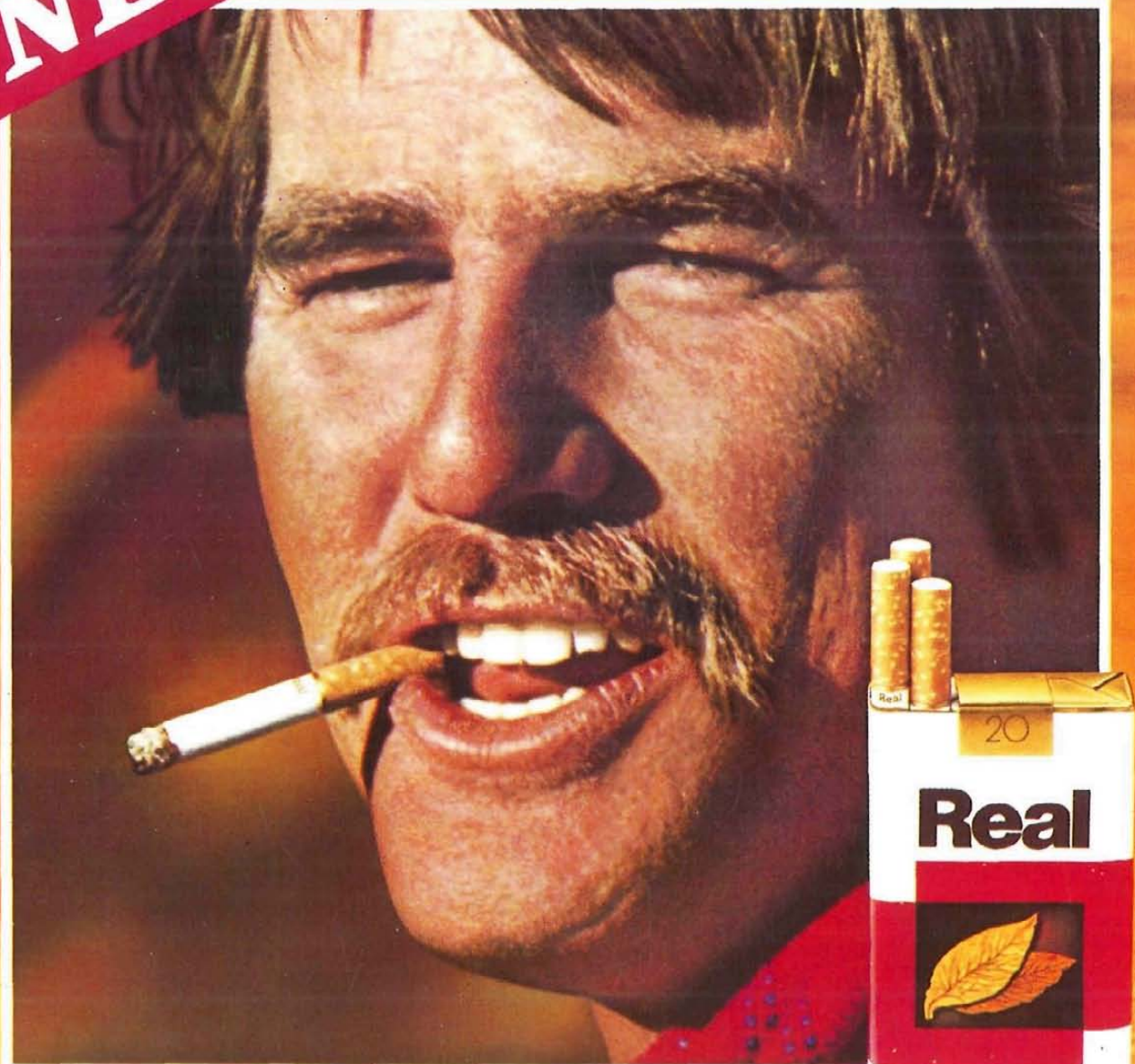
**100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.**

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**NEW!**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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***"Taste Real's new golden taste!  
Richer...mellower than before"***

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.  
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.  
A taste that's pure gold.

***The smoking man's low tar***

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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

"We Shall Overdrive, Some-da-a-a-ay..."

## CHRYSLERS PLAN MARCH ON WASHINGTON



Chrysler Corporation has threatened a massive 200,000-vehicle march on Washington, DC, unless the government takes immediate action to alleviate what it calls "consumer discrimination."

Chrysler claims that the American auto buyer is involved in a conspiracy to deprive the company of its "fundamental rights to economic solvency" and survival in the auto market. "Our unsold autos make up the fifth largest minority group in the country," Chrysler president Lee Iacocca told reporters. "These are good, sturdy automobiles, but they are not working. They are not serving their country in any capacity. They just sit, day after day."

Iacocca and company chairman John Riccardo want the government to create

200,000 jobs for the stockpiled autos, trucks, and vans. "Our vans are just as well engineered and built as Ford and GM vans," Riccardo said, "but people have been told that Chryslers are slow, unreliable, and inefficient. It's that stereotype that is holding our products back." Iacocca went on to deliver an emotional plea to the automotive press and to the American car buyer in which he said, "I have a dream that my line of automobiles will one day travel the highways of a nation where they will not be judged by the amount of gas they use or the difficulty they present in cramped parking areas but by the smoothness of their ride and the number of accessories and appointments that come as standard equipment."

## New Culprit Found in Gulf

### MEXICAN OIL WELL EXONERATED

As US officials continue to mop up a massive oil slick along the Texas Gulf, noted troubleshooter Red Adair has confirmed earlier reports that a Mexican offshore well originally blamed for the catastrophe was capped six months ago. Adair's statement prompted investigators to retrace the path of the spill, which ultimately led them to the Playa Los Mariscos y Trabajadores, an expansive public beach just north of Tampico.

According to local authorities, over three million Mexican peasants were at the beach several hours before the well supposedly malfunctioned. They were celebrating the "running of the driftwood," an annual religious event in which broken furniture and other refuse discarded at American ports washes up on shore if good fortune is in store for the coming year. "It was hot, and everybody ran into the water," said one eyewitness. "They didn't come out for hours."

Leading ecologists have requested that President Carter pressure the Mexican government to establish tough swimming controls, claiming that Mexico's rapidly multiplying coastal population has the potential to turn the gulf into another Lake Erie.



# PUT ON YOUR THINKING CAP



## SHOW THE WORLD WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

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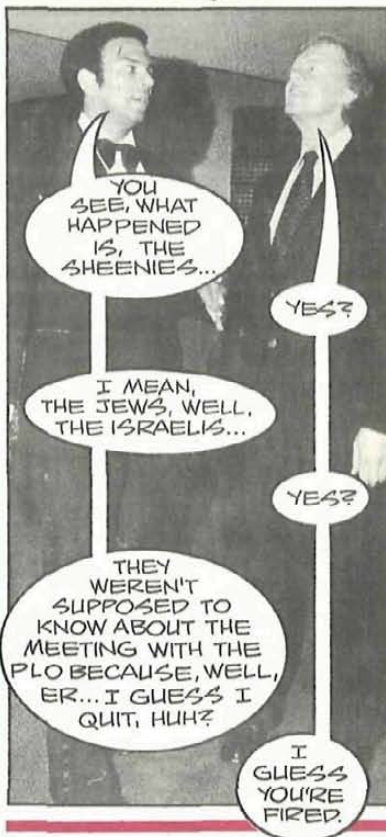
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## National Lampoon Monthly News Quiz

by P. J. O'Rourke

- Who was that whatchamacallit guy who got killed over in Africa or Asia or someplace?
- Wasn't there something going on down in the Caribbean?
- What's the name of that place in Africa where, you know, what's-his-face just was?
- Didn't that guy who used to be Carter's lawyer or something, didn't they, or didn't he?... Or was that his wife?
- What's all this about SALT II, anyway?
- That guy who just died a little while ago, the guy who used to own the Dodgers, didn't he used to own the Kansas City Athletics for a while too?
- What's with Billy Martin, huh?

- Answers
1. That was what's-his-name.
  2. Yes.
  3. It's something *awful* or something like that.
  4. His name is on the tip of my tongue.
  5. I don't know. Beats me.
  6. That rings a bell.
  7. He's just a dumb fucking guinea, if you ask me.

## The News in Depth Teenage Arson

Arson—it's a plague that's sweeping our cities. And according to figures compiled by the National Association of Fire Prevention, more than 72 percent of all arson perpetrators are teenage boys. What drives these adolescents to engage in fiery destruction? "News on the March" asked prominent child psychiatrist Bernard Kleinfield to interview convicted teenage arsonist Johnny X in hopes of shedding some light on the motivations that cause troubled youths to turn to this dangerous crime.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** You are currently being held in an upstate New York youth correctional institution as a result of burning down the Buffalo apartment house in which your family lived. Is that correct?

**Johnny X:** Uh-huh.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** When did you first find yourself fascinated by fire and flame?

**Johnny X:** Oh, I don't know, ever since I was little, I guess. You know, I used to stare into the fireplace and imagine the logs were a castle, and things like that.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Yes, this is very common. In fact, most people enjoy doing things like that. But when did you first begin setting fires yourself?

**Johnny X:** I always liked to be the one to light the Boy Scout campfire and the candles on the dinner table and stuff.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** This, too, is normal in a child.

**Johnny X:** And then one time the house across the street caught fire, and it was a really big one, and flames shot up into the sky, and one of the trees in the backyard caught fire too and fell on the garage, and I thought it was really neat.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Actually, I can understand your pleasure in such a spectacle. It is really no different than the excitement that most people experience at a fireworks display, for instance.

**Johnny X:** Yeah, it was great. So a couple of weeks later I was fooling around in this old abandoned warehouse, so I just kind of built a bonfire out of some packing crates, and the place burned down.

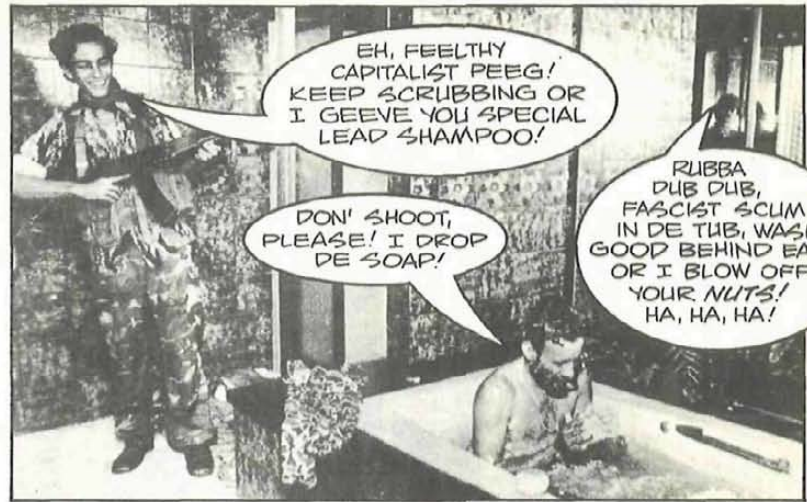
**Dr. Kleinfield:** What kind of feeling did this action cause in you?

**Johnny X:** It was pretty neat. The place went up like a torch, and all sorts of huge fire engines came and shot streams of water all over the place, and the water turned to steam and rose in big clouds, and then the roof caved in and it was like World War II or something, really an explosion.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** No doubt such a dramatic scene would stir strong emotions in practically anyone. Were there a lot of fire engines?

**Johnny X:** Yeah, about two dozen.

## Sandinistas Clean Up Former Government Nicaraguan Rebels Purge Deposed Rulers



EH, FEELTHY CAPITALIST PEEG! KEEP SCRUBBING OR I GEEVE YOU SPECIAL LEAD SHAMPOO!

DON' SHOOT, PLEASE! I DROP DE SOAP!

RUBBA DUB DUB, FASCIST SCUM IN DE TUB, WASH GOOD BEHIND EARS, OR I BLOW OFF YOUR NUTS! HA, HA, HA!

## Kennedy Unwinds While Weighing Race Teddy Ponders Drive for White House



HEY, UNCLE TED, YOU THINK THESE THINGS WOULD STILL RUN UNDER-WATER?

NOT THAT WAY, UNCLE TED! TURN LEFT! THE FERRY'S TO THE LEFT!

SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE FUCK.

THOSE CRAZY KIDS ARE GOING TO DRIVE POOR TED RIGHT OFF THE DEEP END...

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Did they have their sirens on?

**Johnny X:** And how! You could hear them all over Buffalo!

**Dr. Kleinfield:** No doubt a fire such as that made the front page of the newspaper.

**Johnny X:** You bet it did!

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Were you really excited?

**Johnny X:** Sure.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Really, really excited?

**Johnny X:** Oh yeah, man!

**Dr. Kleinfield:** And then did you set more and more fires?

**Johnny X:** There is a whole bunch of abandoned warehouses around Buffalo. Boy, that old stuff really burns! They'd bring fire trucks all the way in from Canada across the Falls and everything!

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Really? All the way from Canada? The really big kind with the ladders? Did they have their sirens on all the way from Canada?

**Johnny X:** Oh yeah!

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Are there any more of

these warehouses?

**Johnny X:** Sure, plenty. There's a real bunch of them.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** What about the apartment house? Was that even more exciting? Was that really spectacular? How did that look?

**Johnny X:** That was kind of an accident. I was testing out this new kind of Molotov cocktail in the laundry room and it kind of got out of control.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Did you mix laundry detergent into the gasoline to make it jell?

**Johnny X:** Naw, I used broken-up pieces of Styrofoam. That works better.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** Really?

**Johnny X:** Then the gas sticks to everything, and that apartment house, like, I didn't really mean to set the whole place off, but it really blew, and it was in the middle of the night, and about a hundred people lived in there and they all came running out in their underwear.

**Dr. Kleinfield:** In their underwear! Really! That's marvelous!

**Johnny X:** It was the best.

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## Amnesty Intl. Reviews Ulster Situation

Amnesty International, the world-wide human-liberties organization, has informed the British that they "can do anything they goddamn like" with suspected members of the IRA captured in Northern Ireland. "We're fucking sick to death of the pig-nosed, pie-faced, drunk, potato-brained sons of bitches," said an Amnesty International spokesman, "and we'll bet the rest of the world is too. As far as we're concerned, the British can beat them with rubber hoses, torture them with electrical shocks, and lock them in jail until hell freezes over."

## Economic Disaster

The US economy faltered, then collapsed, last month, says recently released government information. According to leading economic indicators, the country was thrown into a depression, the stock market crashed, and twenty-five million Americans lost their jobs. Emergency moves by the Federal Reserve and industry and government leaders restored order, and the economy recovered after the fifteen-minute failure.

## New Government in Italy

A new government has been formed in Italy. It was formed from old stale breadsticks, rancid olive oil, Chianti bottles with wax drippings all over them, and some leftover green fettucini noodles.

## Republicans Select New Party Symbol

Republican National Chairman William Brock says that the GOP will adopt a new symbol for the 1980 campaigns. The 100-year-old elephant will be dropped from all campaign materials and will be replaced by a duck-billed dinosaur. "The new symbol says more about our lasting impact and influence in government," Brock said.

## US Sends Arm to Turkey

The Senate approved the sale of a rifle and six bullets to the government of Turkey but issued a strong warning to that country "not to point the gun at anyone and to keep the bullets out of the reach of youngsters." The rifle will be deployed jointly by the Turkish marines and navy.

## Magazine Merger

The popular journal of dog breeders *Dog World* is planning to merge with the woman's publication *Ms.* early next year. The two magazines, which share similar editorial policies and subject matter, are hoping to bolster flagging circulations.



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## HOW TO TRADE UP YOUR RECEIVER, TUNER, AMP, TURNTABLE, CARTRIDGE AND SPEAKERS WITHOUT TRADING IN A THING.



# Michael Brennan's TRUE COPYRIGHT EXPERIENCE



ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO I MET A WOMAN IN LIVERPOOL. SHE WAS A LITTLE OLDER THAN ME, SAY FIFTEEN YEARS, AND AFTER A FEW DRINKS WE WENT BACK TO HER HOUSE. I THINK IT WAS EITHER THE SECOND OR THIRD WOMAN I HAD BEEN TO BED WITH.



GET ME THE HAIRBRUSH FROM THE DRESSING TABLE.

HUH?



HERE IT IS.

USE IT ON ME.



NO, NO!  
HIT ME WITH IT!  
HARD!



ARE YOU SURE?

HIT ME!



CRACK!



BOOHOO, BOOHOO!  
WHAT THE HELL DID  
YOU DO THAT FOR?!

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## EDITORIAL

continued from page 7

wasn't mine. And, the year before, her older brother had a spectacular accident in his brand new TR-4 where he'd impaled himself on the lamppost of a quiet suburban street, giving her an aura of mystery and sorrow. But all this was nothing compared to her face. It had a hoydenish, minxlike, vixenish, pixie, sylph, feline, coltish, nymph quality, callow yet wise, with something of the virgin to it and something of the whore. She was real cute. I lurked outside her homeroom, followed her through the halls, looked up her father's name in the phone book, took out books she'd brought back to the library to caress her signature with my fingertips, stared for an hour at her picture in the yearbook, walked by her house, walked by her house at night, drove by her house at night, drove by her house even later at night, wrote anonymous notes and stuffed them in her mailbox and got out of bed at five in the morning to run and retrieve them before they'd been read, and turned pink and hot at the sight of her car. I was even introduced to her once or twice. I picked quarrels, talked loud, drove like a maniac when there was the slightest chance she might see it, masturbated over every angle of her body, and would have killed for the sight of her nipple. I wandered all over town in the dead of night hoping somehow she'd come upon me in the throes of melancholy or I upon her in some fit of hopeless weeping. I pictured me bleeding and horribly injured, the object of her sudden and terrified compassion. I pictured *her* bleeding and horribly injured, the object of *my* sudden and terrified compassion. I wished I could leave my body and be invisible and fly to her bedroom and go through her lingerie drawers. And I fantasized that she was captured and naked and held

down a storm sewer by something at once mechanical and cephalopodan, its steely bright oleaginous tentacles wrapped about her every limb, coiling down to the penumbra of her breast, tangled in her hair, probing her mouth, with two smaller sinuous appendices thrust into her lower orifices, and I alone willing to crawl in and save her. I'm sure it happens to everybody.

But there's something to obsessive love that you never learn much about except from your own experience. It isn't a matter that's discussed. At least, men do not discuss it. Women may. In fact, I'm sure they do, intimately and at length. But who knows what they say, communicating in their woman talk like bees in the hive giving each other impenetrable directions to the nosegay beds? They also write their true love's name over and over again on sheets of notebook paper. Or at least they used to. Nowadays, I guess, when women feel that way, they just tell themselves they have to be more self-actualized and go and have a lesbian affair or something. But sensible people never have anything very detailed or informative to say about their own obsessive loves except in poems or novels.

Be my mistress short or tall,  
And distorted therewithal:  
Be she likewise one of those,  
That an acre hath of nose:  
Be her cheeks so shallow too,  
As to show her tongue wag through:  
Be her lips ill hung or set,  
And her grinders black as jet:  
Has she thin hair, hath she none,  
She's to me a paragon!

—Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

We can learn nothing from poems. And novels always have some mess of existential tomfoolery larded through them in an attempt to thicken the emotional piddle. Either that or everyone's made rich and living in a former

age—Lady This-and-That and the mad Duke of So-and-So, sword fights and scandals at court, and deaths from a broken heart. To tell the truth, I don't know anybody who's ever died from a broken heart, and I know people who've died from practically everything else, including one guy who worried himself to death because he didn't like law school. Drank and threw up, yes. Died, no. I had almost every possible fantasy about Tracy Cole. But I never fantasized about getting married and getting fat and having children and living in a suburb of Chicago. Which is what eventually happened to her. If I'd ever had that fantasy while beating off, maybe I would have died from a broken heart. But I didn't, so you can't trust novels.

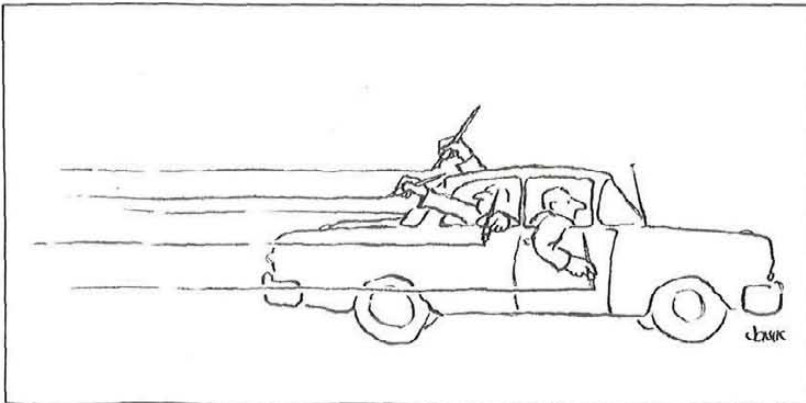
Maybe you can learn a little something from the people who fall helplessly in love with you. But I've never had much luck in that direction. There was a fat girl in my senior year of high school who prided the "O'Rourke" plaque off the trunk lid of a car sold by my uncle's dealership. And I understand she carried that grimy piece of pot metal around in her purse for a while. Then there was this junkie girl I met one night on a drunken binge. I was awakened in bed with her the next day by a friend of mine who crashed into the room yelling, "Oh, God, did you fuck her?! She's got the clap!"

"That's all right," she said sleepily, "you fucked me in the ass." She fell for me pretty hard and followed me to Baltimore and broke into my apartment one time while I was gone. And once there was a girl who *really* loved me. But real love doesn't count. The world is full of real love, based on companionship, respect, mutual interests, cooperation, and support. It isn't worth a shit.

Or maybe you can learn something from carefully watching your friends when they fall in love. For instance, I have a friend who walked all the way from Hamilton, Ohio, to Cincinnati (twenty-eight miles) on a winter's night without an overcoat for love of a girl, but I don't know whether that was an expression of extreme devotion or just a poor sense of where to catch the bus.

No, I'm afraid that you can only learn from your own experience. And what you learn from your own experience about haunting, fixed, obsessive, hopeless, unrequited, passionate love is absolutely nothing.

P.J.



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BY P. J. O'ROURKE

*Here is a story about obsessive love, about an obsessive love of my own. I must warn the reader that I don't know what this story means. It doesn't have any plot that I can think of, and there isn't really an ending. But there must be something to it or I wouldn't have, over the years, bored so many friends and acquaintances with long, drunken retellings of it.*

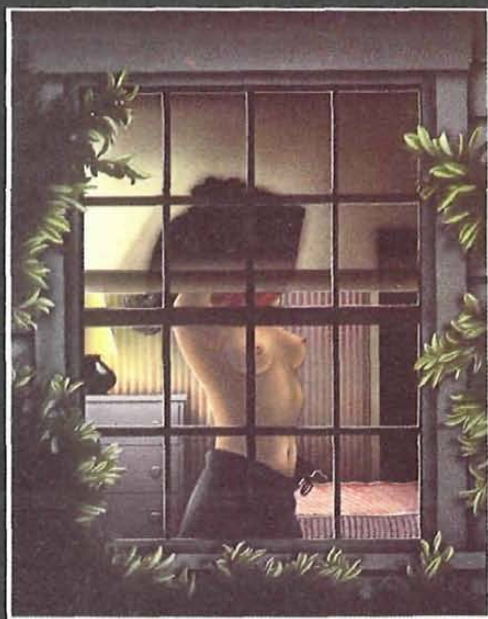
**I**t was during that period of general brouhaha that now seems so far removed but is really not a decade gone. I was living in Baltimore and, a little before Christmas 1969,

was sitting in a coffeeshop, someplace with a preposterous name, when I saw this wonderful girl. She was thin and small with straight dark hair and an oval face with a very slight and subtle sharpness of jaw that gave her features a hint of the Appalachian. She had large dark eyes and a longish nose with a little bump to it, a nose that, except for its delicacy, would have been too large for her face. I suppose I am not giving the impression of extraordinary beauty, but extraordinary beauty she had. She also had—and I would have seen, if I'd looked harder or if

the light had been better—that slight redness along the chin and beneath the corners of the mouth, that faintly chapped skin, which retarded people often have and which is always there in mongoloid children. But there was nothing defective about her intelligence. We talked for a while, and she was quick and well informed,

though I don't remember anything that she said. And not from just that night—from all the time I knew her I can remember only a single whole sentence that she spoke. But she was cheerful and winsome and completely appealing. Her name was Vicky Lewis. She was wearing a white blouse and a plaid skirt and panty hose and loafers,

**BRIEF  
OBSESSIONS**  
Hopeless Fixations  
and Unrequited  
Loves of Short  
Duration as  
Viewed Through  
the Mind's Eye  
During the Act of  
Self-abuse



**Date:** July 1960.  
**Object of Pas-  
sion:** Beverly  
Dempsey.  
**Description:**  
Seventeen-year-  
old neighbor  
three doors  
down, erstwhile  
baby-sitter.  
**Fantasy:** Actu-  
ally gets *all*  
*the way* un-  
dressed before  
pulling the  
shade down,  
while I peek  
through her  
window from  
the elm tree  
outside.



# ESSIVE

# V E

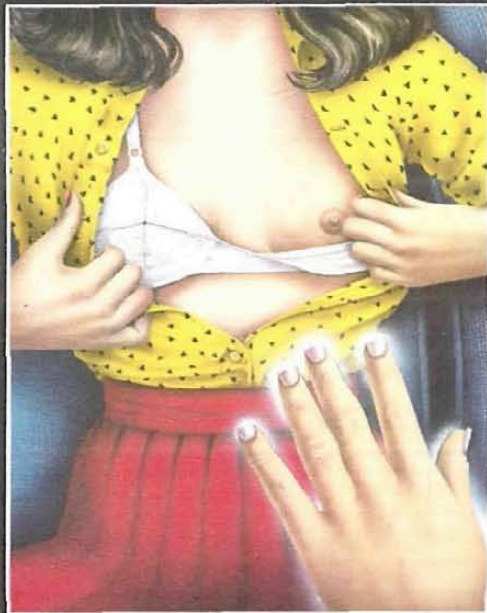
and she looked quite out of place. But she didn't seem to notice this or comment on it or on her surroundings, which were painstakingly outré in the fashion of the time.

There was a house next door, a big run-down Victorian place, where sometimes fifteen, sometimes twenty people lived. We went there and smoked hashish. It is a poor word, too often used and too often used ironically, at that, but she was sweet. There is no other brief colloquial expression that fit her personality. When it was two or three in the morning we went to an empty room, and she began undressing, with the lights still on, as

naturally as though we had been married for half a dozen years. She wore no underwear beneath her schoolgirl's outfit except the panty hose, and a bit of her labia minor pecked out between the larger lips, making a red dot against this sheer material. She was very soft for such a thin girl, with long thick nipples and a suggestion of fullness to her small breasts, perhaps because, as I found out later, she had been pregnant two or three times in her twenty-two years. But Vicky's body showed none of the damage that pregnancy usually leaves. Her belly was flat and hard, her vagina small and sleek; the cheeks of her ass were

smooth, round-muscled handfuls. It was as though babies had passed through her without effort or effect on her part or theirs.

She was astonishingly beautiful, especially her face, and more astonishing than her beauty was the great serenity of her expression. But maybe it was the drug, or the lateness of the hour, or maybe that serenity itself snagged some trip wire of anxiety, but I could not get hard. There was no change in her manner, no frantic tugging on my limp organ or mumbled anticipations of apology. Instead, she rolled over on her stomach, her face against the pillow, not in rejection or resignation but

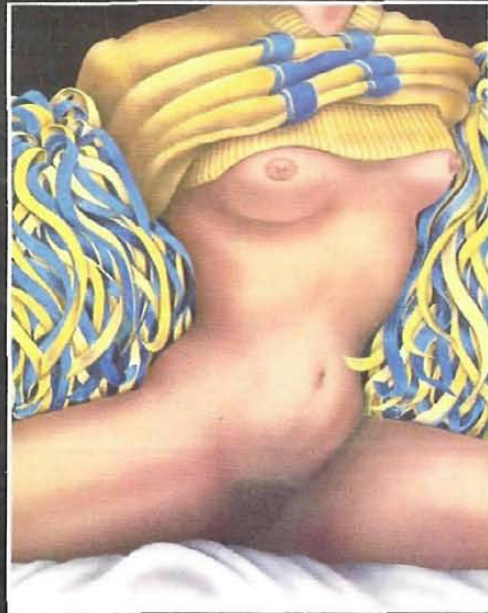


**Date:** December 1961.

**Object of Passion:** Sandy Hellerman.

**Description:** Sat across from me in freshman Latin, and giggled when I had to stand up and recite with a hard-on.

**Fantasy:** Takes off her blouse and her bra and lets me put my hand down the front of her skirt instead of shaking it after I had my mother drive us to see *West Side Story*.



**Date:** June 1964.

**Object of Passion:** Marilyn Darby.

**Description:** Cheerleader, Junior Prom date, would open mouth while kissing but would not use tongue.

**Fantasy:** She says her mother just had her fitted for a diaphragm and her parents will be away all weekend and would I like to see her do some striptease cheerleading first?

with a slight upthrust of the hips and a minute spreading of her thighs. Rubbing my soft penis against the moist folds of her cunt, I became erect and entered her. In the morning we made love again, face to face, without any hesitation on my part, and only once again did I ever feel anything but immediate physical desire for her. That look of serenity, though, never changed.

I left

the next afternoon to go somewhere for the holidays. While I was gone, I wrote Vicky several letters, the kind of letters that you write when there's a compelling attraction to someone and not much to discuss. She never received them. I came back to Baltimore early in January and went to the address she'd given me. I don't know what I expected, but it was a basement apartment and a pesthole, occupied by a filthy junkie couple and their soon-dead-looking baby. It was as scabrous a place as I have ever set foot in, with no windows and a toilet right inside the

room, only half-concealed by a shower curtain, though there was no shower, or tub, just a laundry sink against one wall. And everywhere was junkie litter—bent, scorched spoons and heaps of burned matches, half-eaten boxes of brown sugar, thousands of cigarette butts on plates, in cups and saucers, and scattered across the floor. The only furniture was some mattresses, one of which had been set on fire not long before, because there was that stink in the room along with diaper shit and human scuz and a dozen odors too much worse to be investigated, the whole lit only by some candles guttering on paint-cans lids. Vicky had been living there with them, the couple told me, but she had left—they weren't sure when—and had gone somewhere; they weren't sure where.

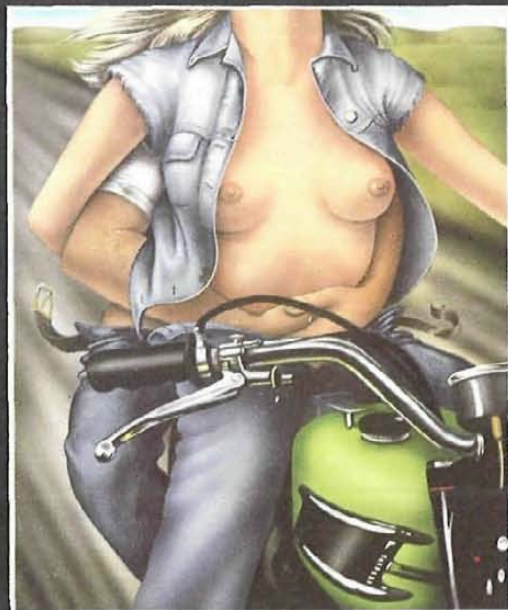
I went back to the coffeehouse, a couple of blocks away, and began asking around. Everybody seemed to know her; in fact, it was odd that I had been hanging around the six months that I had and didn't. I gathered from the faces and the manner of the guys that many of them or most of them or even all of them had slept with her; and the girls knew her too, and there was even a hint of desire on a face or two of theirs. But nobody knew where she'd come from or where she'd gone. She just seemed to come and go around there sometimes, or something.

I decided I'd go look for her. It was a crappy neighborhood—poor blacks, poor whites, drug addicts, students, hippies, some of them violent, all of

them dirty. I started down the street, watching for a promising building—one with a black-light glow from an apartment window, or a god's eye hanging from a sash—and then looking down the list of mailbox names, which in those days would read Cynthia Spaceperson, Middle-Earth Mindpeace Center, Baltimore Free Sidewalk Farm Collective, and so on, interspersed with sundry Washingtons, McCoys, and Browns. For the next ten hours or so I spent a sort of *Walpurgisnacht* in this slum. I was whisked into a variety of apartments and garages and garrets and places, smoking opium with some GI on a roof, hashish in an alley with a girl who claimed to be a reincarnated right whale, grass with an all-gay holistic-medicine coven; eating chicken with a family of Negro car thieves; and drinking malt liquor on a stoop with an amiable pimp who had only one enormously fat prostitute to live off. I had my fortune told by a non-monogamous gaggle of utopian communalists who had temporarily misplaced the state of California (I would soon "get my head together"). There was a polite dialectic with a very secretive cell of would-be urban guerillas who had everything arranged for a program of terrorism except that they couldn't find out where to get bombs, a chat with a perfectly normal airline stewardess who seemed to be living in the area by mistake, and an alarming discussion with a wild-eyed group of girls who bore a distinct hairy dirty resemblance to the Manson family. What possessed all these people to



**Date:** August 1966.  
**Object of Passion:** Name unknown.  
**Description:** Glimpsed from a car window, mowing lawn in cutoff jeans and bikini top, Elyria, Ohio.  
**Fantasy:** She and I are magically transported to a lush, uncharted tropical isle with exotic flora and fauna and a beautiful beach where we watch a spectacular sunset and she blows me



**Date:** May 1969.  
**Object of Passion:** Lee Ann ("Gypsy") Slocumb.  
**Description:** Only full-fledged female member, Poisonous Highway Snakes Motorcycle Club, Columbus, Ohio.  
**Fantasy:** She wants it Greek style at 110 MPH on I-80 between Columbus and Dayton.

usher me into the privacy of their often frightening and nearly always illegal existences I do not know, unless it was some resemblance to the equally waiflike wanderings of the girl I was looking for—though it seemed in her case that the visits were a matter of days or weeks instead of minutes. They all knew her. They all remembered Vicky very well. As everyone always did. Although that's not actually true. I'd find out later that Vicky either made an astonishingly, often heartbreakingly, vivid impression on people or seemed completely invisible to them. The people I still know from that time of my life are about evenly divided. Half of them have a painfully accurate memory of her, and the other half don't recall that she existed, even when I remind them of specific times and places when she was with them. They'll remember the occasions but not her. However, that night every person I came across knew exactly who she was. But in all their talk of her there was not a single piece of concrete information except that she was "far-out." I have no idea what that phrase was supposed to mean back then, and back then I don't think I did either. But I was not of an age, and it was not the season, for the application of rational thought to verbalizations. And I accepted the idea, as did my peers, that if something was far-out, it must be, well, far-out. The connotation was positive but with a positiveness outside any moral framework or ethical system. I guess. Who the fuck cares, anyway.

# F

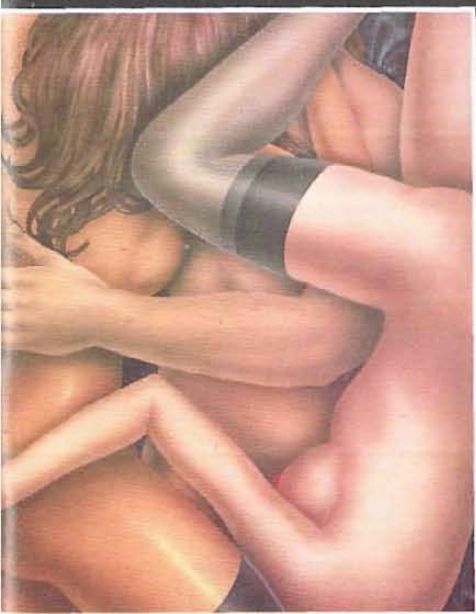
inally,

about four in the morning, and quite by chance, I discovered her apartment in the attic of a reasonably well-kept row house about three blocks from the coffehouse and only a hundred yards from the junkie pad where I first sought her.

I rang the bell, but there was no answer, so I staked out the house for the next week or so, patrolling the street and guarding the door. I got a sense sometimes that she was in there—minute alterations in the window blinds or the suspicion of a candle flickering at night. But now no one ushered me anywhere, and all my questions to neighbors or people in the building brought nothing but stares or mumbled dunnos. Then one day in the middle of January I rang her bell for perhaps the hundredth time and she opened the door. She seemed pleased to see me, not at all surprised. And she never asked me how I found her. We spent a week in her apartment. We fucked on the floor, on the couch, on a

kitchen chair, in the shower. She fixed me dinners—omelets, oysters, peas and ham, crabs in Old Bay sauce. She had a real Maryland touch to her cooking. And she had no means of support that I could discover. She never did, as long as I knew her. But I had some money just then, a fellowship payment; and the apartment was nice, well scrubbed, and very simple and tasteful, especially for those days when everyone else hung trashy batiks from the Indian subcontinent all over everything, painted the ceiling black, and splashed the furniture with colors previously unknown to the mammalian retina. We fucked on our knees, we fucked standing up, we fucked with her bent over the sink washing dishes; and I asked her to marry me. She accepted, and we began moving her belongings into my apartment a couple of miles away, near Johns Hopkins, where I was desultorily attending graduate school. This took a while, since all I had was a motorcycle and the only car I could borrow was a friend's MG; but by the end of another week we'd moved everything except the furniture. That was about the first of February, and I had to go to New York for some reason, probably to buy or sell drugs, which I did a little of in those days. Vicky said she had a friend with a Volkswagen bus and they'd finish moving while I was away. I gave her my keys and returned three or four days later, expecting the apartment to be redolent with cooking and the promise of fucks on, over, and up

*continued on page 43*



**Date:** March 1974.  
**Objects of Passion:** Rachel Blume and Chrissy Blair.  
**Descriptions:** Free-lance children's book illustrator and fifteen-year-old runaway from Teaneck, New Jersey.  
**Fantasy:** They do it with me and then do it with each other and then do it with each other and me, instead of just with each other.



**Date:** July 1978.  
**Object of Passion:** Belinda Hutchins.  
**Description:** Seventeen-year-old divorcee from Ocala, Florida.  
**Fantasy:** Hints, again, that she'd like to be covered with baby oil and tied to the bed, but this time I'm not worried about spoiling my neckties.



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# 50 BETTER COME-ON LINES CONSTRUCTION WORKERS OUT ON STREET CORNERS

by P.J. O'Rourke

1. "Hey, guys, look! Wow, do I ever respect her!"

2. "Do you design your own clothes?"

3. "Let's go have a drink somewhere, and you can pay so you don't have to feel obligated to me for anything."

4. "Wanna highly paid executive position with a wide range of responsibilities and a chance for advancement?"

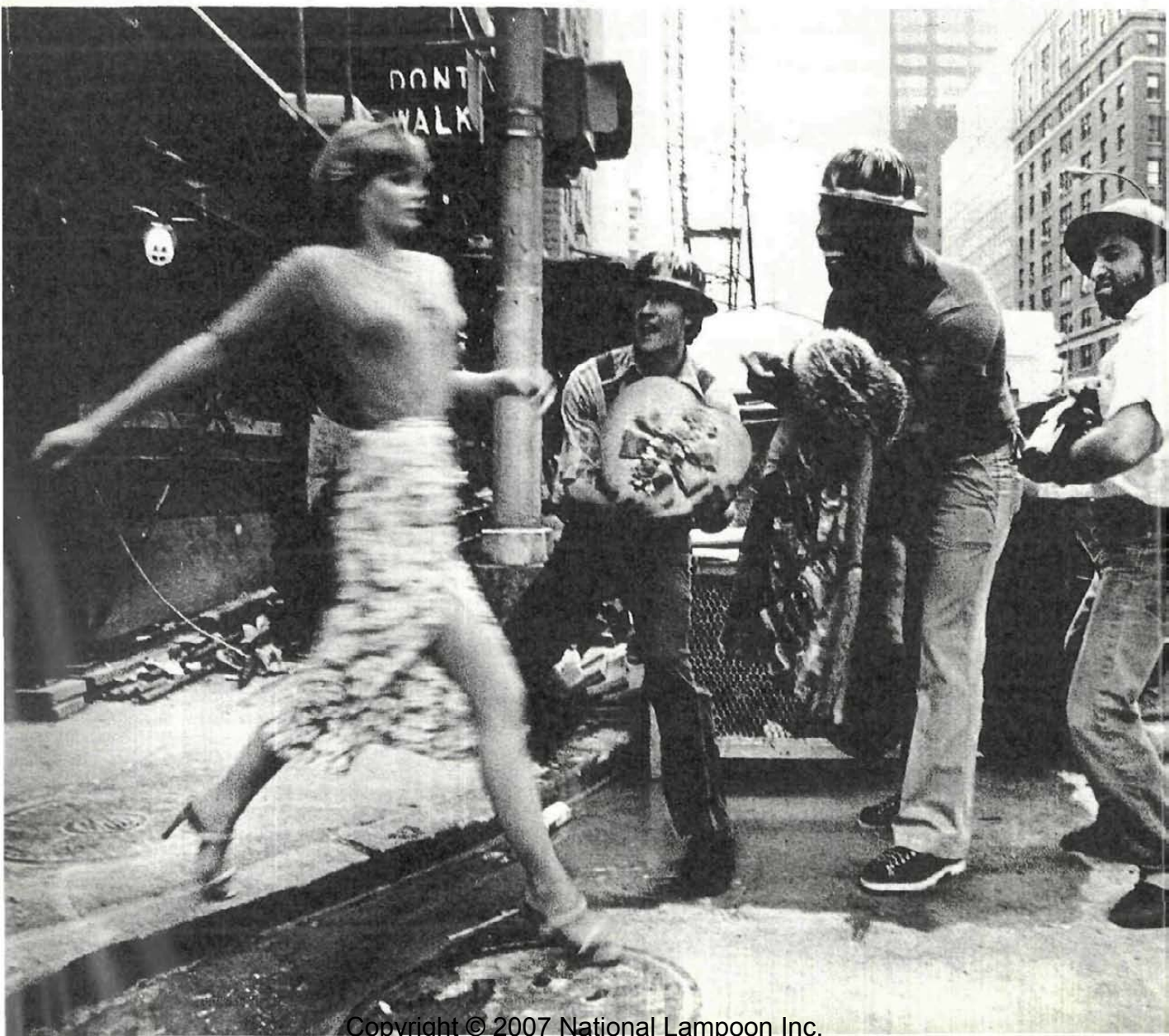
5. "Yoo-hoo! I can relate to your parents!"

6. "Do you write? I'll bet you write. Do you write like Nora Ephron? I love Nora Ephron."

7. "You have really intelligent and self-sufficient-looking legs."

8. "Wanna get married? I'll take care of the kids and share housekeeping responsibilities."

9. "Hey, honeybunch, you strike me as someone who's really got her scene together!"



# FOR HISPANICS, TEENAGE BOYS, S, AND OTHER PEOPLE WHO HANG HOOTING LOUDLY AT WOMEN

10. "Please! Please! I want to confide in you about the deepest secrets of my being!"

11. "I adore your insouciant grace and pert bearing."

12. "Sure she has a great body, boys, but look at that sparkle of intelligence in her eyes."

13. "I'm gay. Let's go shopping for makeup at Bloomingdale's."

14. "Gee, you really smell intelligent."

15. "What's your favorite poem?"

16. "Hey, sweetheart, I've been in analysis for years and I've just made some important breakthroughs about the way I relate to women!"

17. "You really make me feel supportive!"

18. "Look at me, sugar, I have a cute little behind!"

19. "You look like a young Lillian Hellman."

20. "Hey, angelcakes, how's about a little firm and friendly handshake?"

21. "I love your outfit."

22. "Just look at the self-assurance on that one!"

23. "Yoo-hoo! I'm really tender and caring, and I'll give you a lot of your own space!"

24. "You have the ass of a great artist."

25. "I would whistle at you and make wolf calls and little sucking noises with my lips because you're so attractive, but I won't since I think hassling women on the street is really uncool."

26. "Wanna sit on my wallet?"

27. "Gee, you have assertive hair!"

28. "I'm married, and I believe in monogamy, and I'm just attracted to you as a friend because you seem like such a warm and genuine person."

29. "I'll take you to Studio 54, and you can dance and do cocaine and meet Halston and Margaret Trudeau, and you won't even have to talk to me."

30. "Get a load of that forehead, fellows—I'll bet she's got some mind in there!"

31. "Wait, come back! You're completely different than my first wife!"

32. "You're really beautiful and I can cook."

33. "Let's go to the south of France for a week. There'll be a lot of other people along, and there doesn't have to be anything physical about it if you don't want."

34. "I want you to have my children and still keep your job."

35. "Hey, wait a minute! This isn't my real life. I'm just hanging out here because I'm going to make a movie about it."

36. "You must have a terrific shrink to have such a really together way of moving your hips when you walk."

37. "I'll fuck your ugly girl friends!"

38. "I'd like to spend a month between your ears."

39. "Shake your resumé, baby!"

40. "You have perceptive breasts."

41. "I'll bet you can really vote!"

42. "I've got a sister at home with an advanced degree in math whom you'd really be interested in talking to."

43. "Baby, I want to discuss literature with you all night."

44. "Hey, honey, what's your career objective?"

45. "If the ERA is passed and women are drafted, will you be my lieutenant colonel?"

46. "I'm undressing you with my eyes, but I'll only go as far as your underwear because I don't want you to feel psychologically molested!"

47. [Whistle] "Master's degree! Master's degree! Naw, I take it back, I'll bet she's got a doctorate."

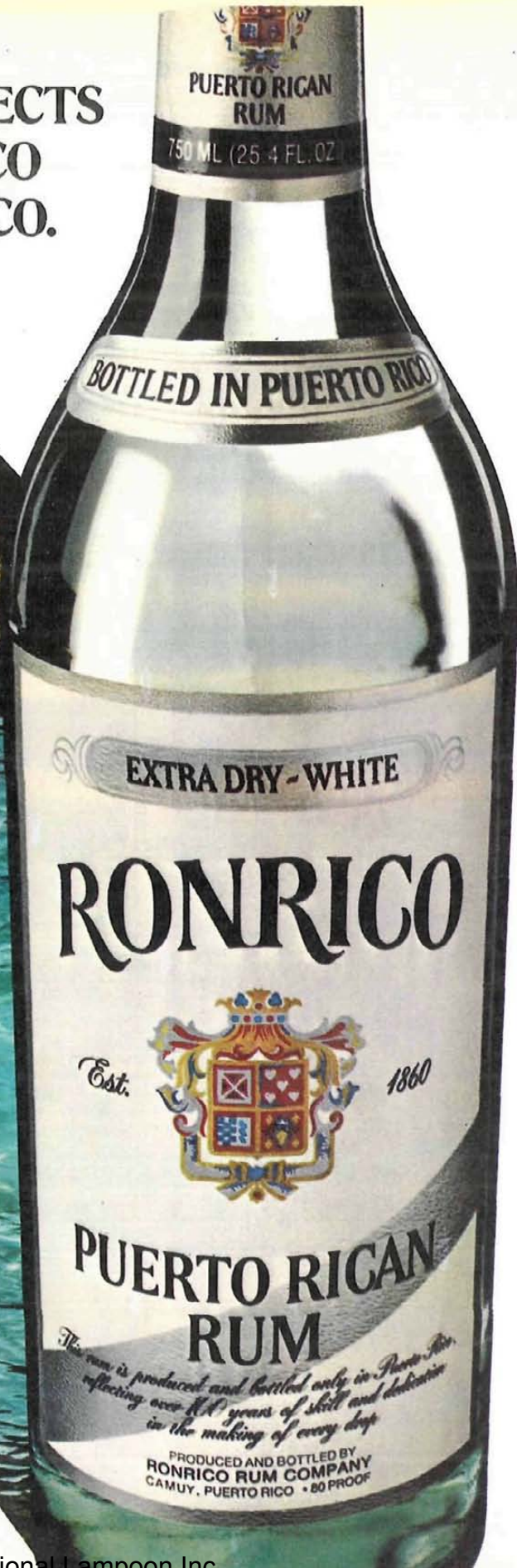
48. "Let me lick your briefcase!"

49. "Let's go to an art gallery and then take a moonlit carriage ride through Central Park and sit on a park bench and talk and talk and talk and watch the sun come up over the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge just like in Woody Allen's *Manhattan*, and then we'll hold hands for a brief moment before I drop you off at your apartment."

50. "Excuse me, but I'm a doctor. Have you had a Pap test this afternoon?"



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# Perfect Pick Up

HI...

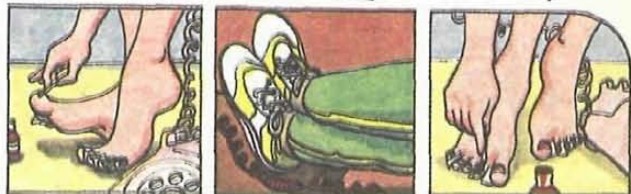
HOW ARE YOU?

OKAY, I GUESS...

HOW 'BOUT YOU?

THE JUNK HEAP.

I THINK MY BIORHYTHMS HAVE BOTTOMED OUT.



YEAH... THIS IS A BAD DAY FOR ME TOO... THEY SKIPPED OVER MY SIGN ON RADIO HOROSCOPE.

I WENT TO A PARTY LAST NIGHT... AND I ASKED THREE DIFFERENT GUYS TO GO HOME WITH ME... AND THEY ALL TURNED ME DOWN.

THAT'S WEIRD. THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING WRONG WITH A WOMAN BEING AGGRESSIVE THESE DAYS... MAYBE YOU WEREN'T WEARING THE RIGHT SHADE OF LIPSTICK.

I CAN'T STAND IT! I HAVE THIS URGE TO MATE! I NEED A GUY AROUND THE HOUSE!

GAWD... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN... I HAVE THIS GREAT DRESS... DARK BLUE WITH A BUNCH OF LITTLE STRAPS ACROSS THE BACK, BUT I CAN'T GET INTO IT BY MYSELF.

WHAT IF I HAVE TO SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE LIVING ALONE? I GET NAUSEOUS JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



GEE... I DON'T KNOW... I TRIED LYING IN BED WITH THE COVERS PULLED UP OVER MY HEAD AND ONLY ALLOWING MYSELF UP TO BREATHE WHEN I REACHED AN ALPHA STATE.

DID IT WORK?

I NEARLY SUFFOCATED.

THE WALLS ARE BEGINNING TO CLOSE IN ON ME HERE.

DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT?

I KNOW THIS GREAT DISCO WHERE THE WALLS ACTUALLY DO CLOSE IN ON YOU.

I WAS THINKING MORE OF A QUIET, COZY, FRIENDLY LITTLE BAR WHERE THE DRINKS ARE CHEAP AND THE MEN OUTNUMBER THE WOMEN EIGHT TO ONE.



OH! HEAVEN! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO DIE TO GET TO A PLACE LIKE THAT! WHERE IS IT?!

I DON'T KNOW.

I GUESS WE COULD WALK OVER TO THE COME ON INN...

MEET YA IN HALF AN HOUR.

OKAY, BYE.



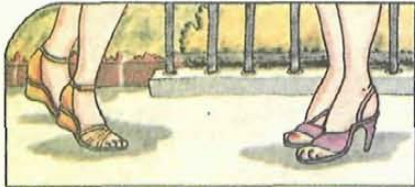
GAIL...  
YOU LOOK...  
UH...

IT'S THIS  
GNAWING  
LONELINESS...  
I PUT ON  
TWELVE  
POUNDS  
LAST WEEK.

OH RIGHT...  
I KNOW...  
I'VE BEEN ON  
DR. POPE'S  
SEXUAL  
SUBLIMATION  
DIET...  
YOU EAT ONLY  
CREAMY THINGS.

DOES IT  
WORK?

I HAVE THIS  
RECURRING  
DREAM ABOUT  
BEING RAVISHED  
BY BOYSENBERRY  
YOGURT.



Look...  
THAT'S WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN  
YOU DON'T  
GET ENOUGH  
SEX.

WHAT A SIGHT!  
SOMEONE SHOULD  
SWEEP PEOPLE  
LIKE THAT  
OFF THE  
STREETS.  
WHAT COULD  
BE WORSE!

HAPPY  
COUPLES.  
I HATE  
THEM.

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M  
FLIPPING OUT.  
I SAW THIS GREAT LOOKING GUY  
WALKING DOWN THE STREET  
THE OTHER DAY...  
I COULDN'T TAKE MY EYES  
OFF HIS ASS...  
I FOLLOWED HIM FOR TEN BLOCKS  
BEFORE I NOTICED HIS  
CLERICAL COLLAR.



I'M GLAD WE'RE TAKING  
THE INITIATIVE TONIGHT...  
I'M GETTING TIRED OF  
SPENDING MY EVENINGS  
WAITING BY MY ANSWER PHONE.

OH GAWD...  
OH GAWD...  
DON'T LOOK...  
BUT DO YOU  
SEE ANYONE...  
YOU KNOW...  
INTERESTING?

THERE'S...  
ONE...  
ALONE...  
RIGHT OVER  
YOUR LEFT  
SHOULDER.  
NOT REAL CUTE...  
BUT I'D  
MARRY HIM.

OH ICK, ROXANNE...  
I COULD NEVER  
WORSHIP A MAN  
WHO WEARS  
POLYESTER  
SLACKS!

GOOD THING WE'RE  
NOT ATTRACTED TO  
THE SAME TYPE  
OF MAN...  
WE'D BE CLAWING  
EACH OTHER'S EYES OUT  
OVER THE GUY WHO'S  
WALKING THIS WAY NOW.



HI!  
HI!  
HI!

HEY, YOU DON'T  
SWEAT MUCH  
FOR A FAT GIRL.  
MY NAME'S GAIL  
AND THIS IS ROXANNE.  
WE BOTH LIVE ALONE!

WELL, WE HAVEN'T  
BEEN HERE  
LONG...

OH. UH... OH...  
I JUST SAW SOMEONE  
I KNOW.  
BYE!  
BYE.  
BYE.



HE WAS WEIRD.

BUT GENETICALLY PERFECT... HE WOULD'VE MADE BEAUTIFUL BABIES.

YEAH...

MY BODY CRAVES CHILDREN... IT TURNS ME ON TO THINK ABOUT MATERNITY CLOTHES.

I HEAR CHILDBIRTH IS A VERY EROTIC EXPERIENCE.

HI, GIRLS!

HI!

HI!



YOU HAVEN'T HAD A VASECTOMY...

HAVE YOU?

WHAT'S A MATTER WITH HIM?

DUNNO.

THE GUYS HERE ARE WEIRD.

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I GOT LAID.

I CAN... I WAS HAVING THIS REALLY MASSIVE ORGASM... AND HE STOPPED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT TO TELL ME HOW CRUMMY I AM IN BED 'CAUSE I WASN'T PAYING ENOUGH ATTENTION TO HIM.



HI THERE, LADIES.

HI

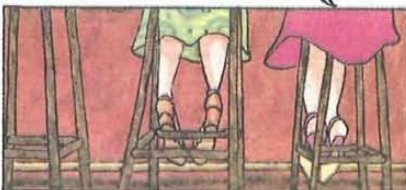
HEY... GET LOST.

WHY'D YOU DO THAT?

HE LOOKED SELFISH. DID YOU NOTICE HIS LIPS? A SMALL, SELFISH MOUTH, WHO WANTS A CHEAP HUSBAND?

THAT'S AMAZING. WHAT A JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

ONE MUST HAVE SOME STANDARDS... EVEN IN ONE'S MOST DESPERATE HOURS.

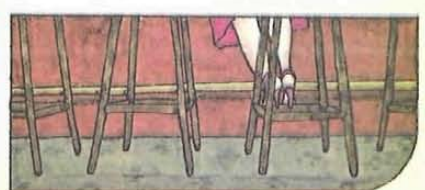


JEEZ... IT'S GETTING LATE. I'M GOING TO JUMP ON THE NEXT AVAILABLE MEAT THAT COMES ALONG.

IT'S NOT JUST SEX FOR ME... I WANT SOMETHING CEREBRAL. I WANT SOMEONE WITH PRESENCE.

I WANT TO PEE...

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



GAIL?  
 WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT?  
 I'M GOING HOME WITH RICK THE BARTENDER.  
 WE'RE OLD FRIENDS... AND... WELL... YOU KNOW...

OH, SURE... FINE...  
 I WAS JUST LEAVING...  
 I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU...  
 I HOPE YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME...

CONGRATULATIONS...  
 RIGHT...  
 GOOD...  
 HAVE FUN 'N' ALL...



YOU WANNA COME TO MY PLACE AND TRADE BACK RUBS?  
 UH...  
 NO THANKS...  
 I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO WORK INSTEAD.

YOU PROBABLY DON'T WANT TO COME HOME WITH ME...?  
 I'D RATHER FINISH UP HERE.



GAIL...?  
 SORRY ABOUT TAKING OFF WITH RICK THE BARTENDER LIKE THAT... IT WAS HORRIBLE ANYWAY. HE CAN'T GET IT UP WITH ANYONE BUT HIS WIFE... DID YOU GET HOME OKAY?  
 OH, WOW...  
 YEAH...

AS A MATTER OF FACT...  
 I MET THIS GUY ON THE WAY HOME...

... WE'RE LIVING TOGETHER NOW...  
 I'M REALLY HAPPY.



## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 33

against everything in the house. There was no one there, and no one had been there. I rushed to her place and spent another week watching her apartment, just as I had before. Again there was no trace of all those weird and ineffectively helpful people that I'd met when I first started looking for her.

Between constant reconnoiterings, I looked through her belongings, boxed and stacked in my apartment. I did not find her diary, the way I did years later with a girl I loved in New York. (If you are ever in love with a girl and find her diary, do not open it. Because what you'll find in there would strike Dante, Milton, and Hannah Arendt mute with the indescribability of its horror. And, what's more and what's worse, every word of it will be indelible in your memory. So ineradicable a part of your consciousness will it become, in fact, that the only thing that will keep you from killing yourself will be a nagging fear that if there's anything to this reincarnation business, you might just get born again and have a whole other life to lead and *still* remember what she said about you.) Nor did I find anything else that an identity could be attached to. There were some clothes, normal sort of coed clothes, not too expensive, not too cheap, all ironed and neatly folded, and some ordinary plates and silverware and kitchen stuff. A dozen books about Buddhism were the only distinctive possessions. There were no photographs, mementos, jewelry, or anything personal. The clothes were too clean to even have her smell

on them.

One night when I was mooning around in front of her apartment, I got a very strong feeling that she was in there, awake with all the lights off, and just not answering the bell. I had a pocketknife and I jimmied the lock on the downstairs front door and ran upstairs and pounded on the door of her apartment. There was a slight stirring inside but no answer. There was a metal shield on that doorjamb, so I went back outside and around to the alley and climbed the fire escape to her bathroom window. It was locked, but a couple of pokes of the knife blade and a sharp jab at the middle of the casement made it give way, and a moment later I was in the sink. Vicky was curled up in a fetal ball in one corner of the half-empty apartment. Again she seemed pleased to see me and not at all surprised, but this time she was agitated about something and talking quickly, which was strange for her, and talking a lot, which was even stranger. And she told me a story that I've never fully digested.

There was another boy. His name was Tim. He was madly jealous, a karate or jujitsu expert or something. He would kill me. He would kill himself. Maybe both. I don't exactly remember. I had to leave. I wasn't scared. (I said.) Didn't she love me? Did she love him? She said something about how it didn't matter, and there was another girl that Tim had, but he was crazy for her, Vicky, but he couldn't leave this other girl because she was dying of a blood disease that she got from the abortion that he made her have be-

cause he got her pregnant. (Dying of a blood disease?) But he was madly in love, and he was crazy, and I had to understand.

Although Vicky was certainly upset, that odd serene look never left her face, and it must have triggered the same reaction in me that it had in my cock a month before. I didn't know what to do, or rather I knew exactly what to do and I left. None too soon—as I walked out the front door of the building, a large, dark, handsome, but mostly large, guy came running up the steps and let himself in. I watched from across the street long enough to see the lights go on in her apartment. Then I went home. I was lying about not being scared, anyway.

But when I'd been in my apartment for a little while and had six or eight drinks, I called up an alcoholic poet friend of mine, Joe, who was notable himself for a certain passion in unrequited love, once having gotten so drunk over it that he had been barely able to wobble out of a bar we frequented and weave around back to the alley where he'd parked his motorcycle. It was a Triumph Bonneville, which is a tall and somewhat top-heavy bike, and Joe is not a tall guy. He got up on the saddle and went to jump start it, missed, and knocked the kickstand out, and the cycle fell over and pinned him to the back wall of the bar, where he stayed until some samaritan bum found him half conscious and half frozen at six the next morning. I remember Joe was in my kitchen later that night, and I was waving my pocketknife around, yelling, "I'm gonna cut him up! I'm gonna cut him up!"

"Naw, don't do that," said Joe.

"I'm gonna cut him up!"

"Come on, don't cut him up."

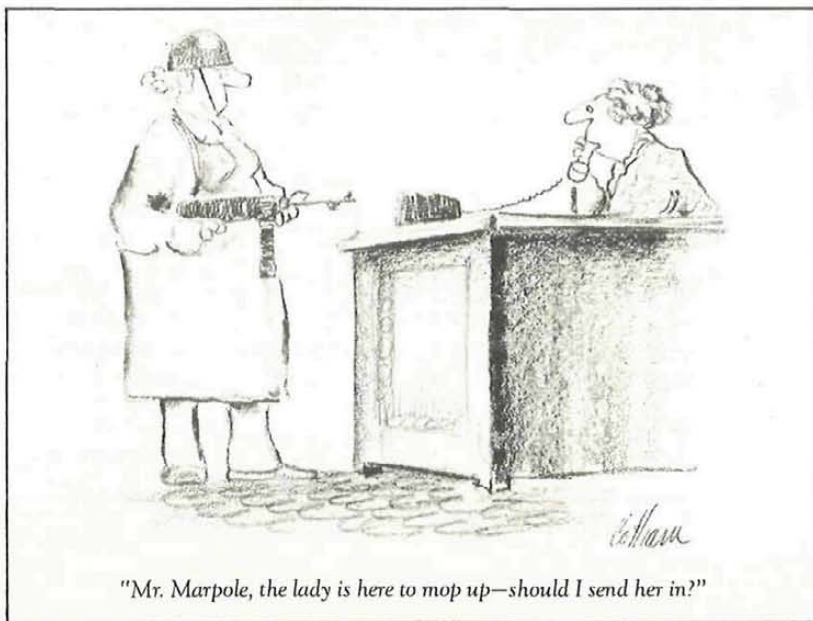
"Guy's a fucking karate expert.

What am I going to do, pound on him or something? I'm gonna cut him up!"

"Naw, come on, don't cut him up," said Joe, "shoot him."

The next night, or maybe it was the night after—I was drinking a lot just then and I'm not sure of the time—I got my pistol out. I had a little .22 automatic, not much of a gun, really. But I loaded it, slipped one shell into the chamber, set the hammer on half cock, and went down to Vicky's with it bulging painfully in my wallet pocket. I climbed the fire escape again, but this time the apartment was stripped bare.

I'm not sure it had all to do with Vicky, maybe it was just the age I was,



"Mr. Marpole, the lady is here to mop up—should I send her in?"

continued

## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 43

and that I had nothing to do, really, except some very undemanding course work, and that I had money from my fellowship and from selling drugs, but I went into an alcoholic frenzy for the next two months, and Vicky was certainly the focus of it. I was listening to Leonard Cohen albums, which is a sure sign of a mental breakdown; I was beaten up twice, and probably quite rightly, by local rednecks; I had a thoroughly unpleasant involvement with a fifteen-year-old girl; and I attempted suicide by sitting in a bathtub and letting the water run until I drowned—forgetting, however, that the tub could fill no higher than its rim, so that I sat waiting for death with my head and shoulders above a vessel of increasingly clammy tap water. The tenant downstairs, when he got home that night, did, though, nearly grant my wish for extinction.

I remember two particularly long binges. One where I and some friends of mine rode out into the countryside on our motorcycles and broke into the converted barn/studio of a sculptor we slightly knew (and who was on a trip to South America). We drank all his whiskey, beer, wine, and after-dinner liqueurs, and then went rampaging through the woods, falling down and throwing up. I wandered off alone and wound up in some long clearing in the forest, laying on the stony ground, where I could have sworn I heard the fast, engulfing heartbeat of Vicky raging louder and louder in my ears until I realized I had flopped down across the ties of a railbed and the noise I

heard was a freight train bearing down on my prostrate form. Another drunk began during Easter vacation in Columbus, Ohio, and ended three weeks later when I came to my senses in a bar on the Baltimore docks with a job as a longshoreman, which is another story entirely.

Anyway, I was in pretty bad shape and was sitting on my couch one night in April preparing to get in worse when Vicky let herself in with the key I'd given her in January. She had no explanation for where she'd been or what she'd done, but everything was very much as I'd hoped it would be two and a half months before. I was out of school by then and had gone to work for what we called an underground newspaper. I don't know why such a vainglorious epithet was applied to those enterprises. There was certainly nothing illegal about their publication, although printers did occasionally balk at flying cunt-lip illustrations and sixty-point fuck-yous in the headlines. We were opposed to the government's policy in Vietnam and in favor of Negro rioting, which must have put us in bad odor with the formal establishments of society, when they noticed us at all; but the implication carried right in our own title, the *Baltimore Underground Press*, that we might be in some sort of physical peril from our activities was simply self-titillation. Or almost so, because it did turn out that our staff photographer, Barry, was a plainclothes policeman assigned to infiltrate and monitor our slothful and mouthy doings. But he was a kindhearted young soul, almost as confused as we were; and, some

years later, an assistant district attorney friend of mine told me that Barry had spent much of his time with us protecting various staff members and associates from drug arrests on the grounds that any trial would "blow his cover."

Anyway, Vicky and I moved into the newspaper offices and lived a life of idyllic hippiedom. I think. I say I think because, of this one month when we lived together with no catastrophes or intrusions, completely in love, and presumably with a lifetime of more such before us, I remember nothing.

And at the end of that month Vicky, as the reader surely expects, disappeared. Tim the karate expert—I'm pretty sure it was he—was seen lurking around the row house where we had our office, and a day or two later she was gone.

Two weeks after that, which must have been about the beginning of June 1970, I got a phone call from her. She gave me an address in some scruffy suburb. Would I come pick her up? It was a basement apartment in an old house where she said Tim had had her locked up. He had stayed with her for a couple of days and then locked her in there with a pile of groceries that were almost gone now. The rooms had the same fastidious half-bleak look that her last place had. There were only a few small windows set into the foundation of the house, and these had grates over them. She had finally managed to loosen one grate and wiggle out and had called me from a pay phone with a dime she'd found down in a couch. Why did she go with him? What made him do something like this? He hadn't actually kidnapped her; I gathered that much. But I never got any other real answer, and I took her home.

There then began a series of events that would have seemed comic... Well, actually, they *did* seem comic. For the next three months Vicky would live with me for a while, and then I'd have to go rescue her. I broke her out of an attic in Silver Spring, sprung her from a furnished room in Wilmington, and went and got her on a stony farm in the south of Pennsylvania, where she was two miles from the road and left without shoes. Each time, she had gone off with Tim, and always she was abandoned, imprisoned, or somehow stranded by him. I learned almost nothing else about this relationship, though I strained my powers of comprehension, intellect,

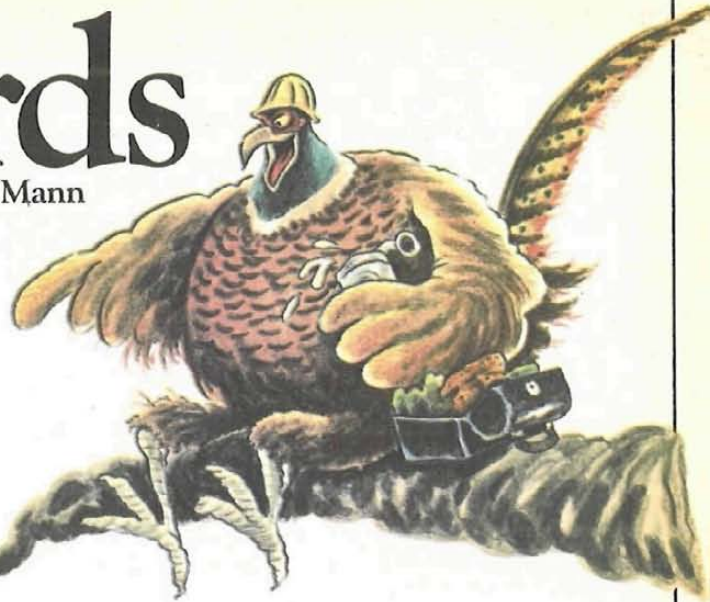


# Lovebirds

by Rick Meyerowitz, Sean Kelly, and Ted Mann

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Here we see a LUSTY PHEASANT TYPE (not to be confused with the HAIRY-CHESTED WANGSUCKER) giving its distinctive *huh-huu wah* mating call as a SECRETARY BIRD flounces by. The Lusty Pheasant Type is known to rustics as the COCK THROBBIN', the result of its aggressive sexual behavior. It has been said that the Lusty Pheasant Type will lay anything but an egg.



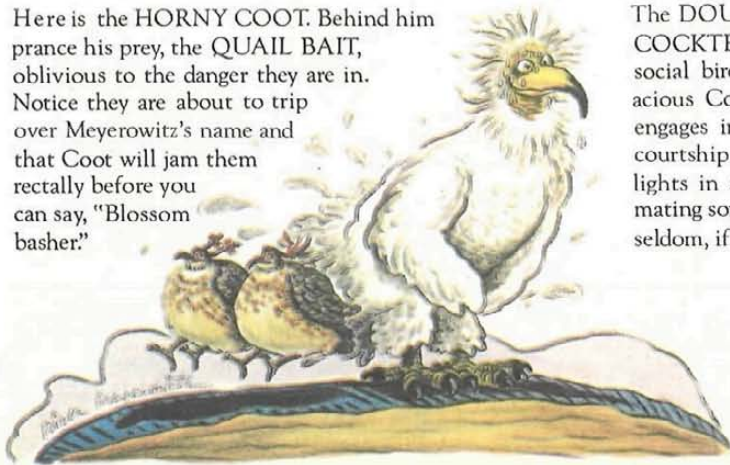
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These are a couple of BLACKBIRDS. On the right, the HIGH-TAILED STREET-WALKER, which is most active at night. The Streetwalker spends the evening foraging for the PIMP FLAMINGO, which builds colorful nests in Cadillacs. Blackbirds are celebrated for their colorful plumage and are a great ornament to the corners where they congregate.



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Here is the HORNY COOT. Behind him prance his prey, the QUAIL BAIT, oblivious to the danger they are in. Notice they are about to trip over Meyerowitz's name and that Coot will jam them rectally before you can say, "Blossom basher."



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The DOUBLE-BREADED COCKTEASER. A social bird, the vivacious Cockteaser engages in perpetual courtship ritual, delights in suggestive mating songs, but seldom, if ever, mates.



## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 44

and interrogation. It's instructive, maybe, to remember how people (myself included) talked then. Whatever bits of information I might have obtained from Vicky were lost in a miasma of "very heavy"s, "deep into"s, "really behind where you're coming from"s, and "you know"s. She did not seem to be hopelessly impassioned with love for him. Certainly it was the other way around. Just as it was for me. Vicky herself was ever hopeful and never impassioned about anything.

Finally, I got tired of it. Between the last and the second-to-last rescue, Vicky was gone for quite a while, three or four weeks, and during that hiatus I got another girl friend, Corey, who moved in with me at the newspaper. This, if Vicky knew about it, did not deter her, and I had to go off to yet another godforsaken place and haul her back to Baltimore, where I installed her in another room of the house and told her it was all over between us. Of course, that didn't work. Corey and the rest of the staff went off to some hippiefest somewhere one weekend when I had writing to do, and Vicky and I were left alone together. I couldn't resist stroking her hair and giving her a kiss Friday evening, and it was then that she spoke the one whole sentence of hers that I clearly remember. She said, "Are you just going to tease me?" The answer was no. She made no secret of this when Corey came back, and such was the charm of Vicky Lewis that Corey could bring herself to make no protest, even in private. If you were affected at all by

Vicky, you were affected completely. I don't think Corey felt any physical desire for her, but she loved her just the same. And then I was living with two women. Living with two women is something like finding your true love's diary. There's a very good reason why polygamous cultures worship dirt, wear sacks of leaves for clothes, and live in rolled-up balls of straw. They don't have the time or energy for anything else. Also, the sex part is not as good as it looks in the eight-millimeter home movies. In fact (and this has probably been the same from the emperors of ancient Siam down to the Bantu chiefs of today), I never got them both in bed at the same time.

This way of life wound along its exhausting path for a while until, late that summer, a pair of political firebrands named Bart and Gloria showed up at the *Baltimore Underground Press* asking for a place to stay. They claimed to be fugitives, on the lam from the FBI, the CIA, or, as I have suspected in later years, the ASPCA. No sooner had we given them shelter than they began to castigate us for our bourgeois ways. We ought to become real revolutionaries, they said, and lash out in righteous violence against the fascist state, making our newspaper a true organ of the will of the people, by whom I presume they meant them. I fancied myself quite the radical at that time and agreed with them completely. I was all for a program of bombing, sniping, and violent upheaval as long as I got my picture in the papers, could wear clothes like Ché Guevara, and was assured of being jailed along with some really romantic-type characters. The rest of the staff, however, did not

share my enthusiasm. And the result was a series of loud and long political arguments that could not be reproduced in print without inspiring the reader to do to this page what my newspaper compatriots desired to do to Bart and Gloria. This was called consciousness raising, and we went at it with great energy. Bart and Gloria had a political philosophy that was part Luddite, part Stalinist, and part simply insane. As I said, it seemed very persuasive to me, but, in the end, a staff vote was taken and they were expelled from the house. Somewhat shamefacedly I abided by the decision of my friends. The two mad revolutionaries left, and, to my utter amazement, Vicky left with them.

This Bart and Gloria had, while living with us, gathered about them a fair-sized following of disowned runaways, burnt-out drug cases, and frazzled Jewish intellectuals. They set up housekeeping with this party in an apartment they called the Maryland Liberation Front People's Red Army Collective and began publishing a rival newspaper named, really, *Balto-Cong*. Our own publication was a terrific financial failure, but I'm afraid *Balto-Cong* met with even less success than that. At any rate, Bart and Gloria and their pals were moved to take what might be called direct political action.

One August evening while we were sitting around the office of the *Baltimore Underground Press*, the front door was opened and we were confronted by a band of twenty or so infuriating people, led by Bart and Gloria, armed with sticks and knives, and claiming that they were liberating our tabloid from capitalist exploitation, male supremacy, running-dog lackeyism, and half a dozen other things that I don't remember. In the midst of these airheads was Vicky, her countenance as serene as ever. There followed some unpleasant hours, until dawn the next day, during which we were threatened, bullied, individually interrogated, and so on and so forth. A couple of us were roughed up, and some office equipment was destroyed, but mostly it was just intimidation, the point of which was to get us to turn the paper over to them. In vain we explained that the *Baltimore Underground Press* consisted, in material reality, of about ten thousand dollars in debts and that they were asking to be given something that existed only in a negative sense. But they persevered, and all this time Vicky was there with them, as quiet as usual but insistent on their





# Love UNDER LABORATORY CONDITIONS



MY LUTEINIZING HORMONE LEVELS ARE 40 HIGH I DON'T KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG.

THEY LIVED FOR SCIENCE- BUT LOVED ONLY FOR THEMSELVES

MAYBE IT'S THE ELECTRODE IMPLANT... BUT I THINK... I'M FALLING IN LOVE...

I WAS DURING A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS ON ELECTRICAL STIMULATION OF THE SEXUAL RESPONSE THAT I FIRST MET DUKE...

WRITTEN BY - TED MANN AND BLAINE SCHLOSSER

ART BY - BERNI WRIGHTSON

ME! ME! WHY CAN'T HE HAVE JUST ME!

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT ME. I COULD BE ANYTHING... A PIPE CLEANER... A SWIZLE STICK... EVEN A SQUIRREL!

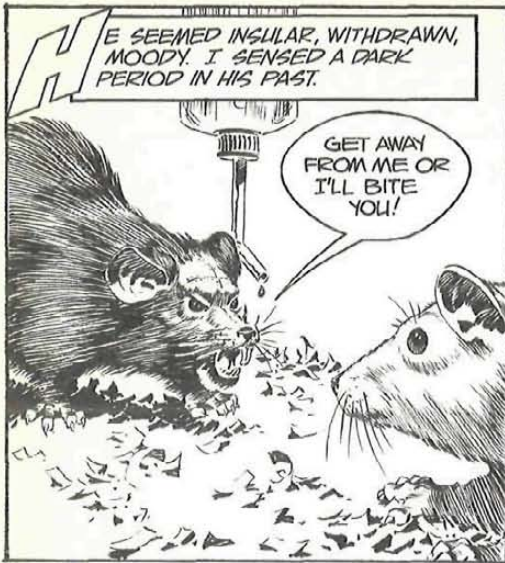
AFTERWARD, WHEN THE OTHER GIRLS TALKED, I STRUGGLED TO HIDE MY EMOTIONS...

HE WAS GOOD...

ISN'T IT ALWAYS THE WAY?

YEAH, BUT HE KNEW IT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

CAN'T THEY SEE HE'S DIFFERENT?



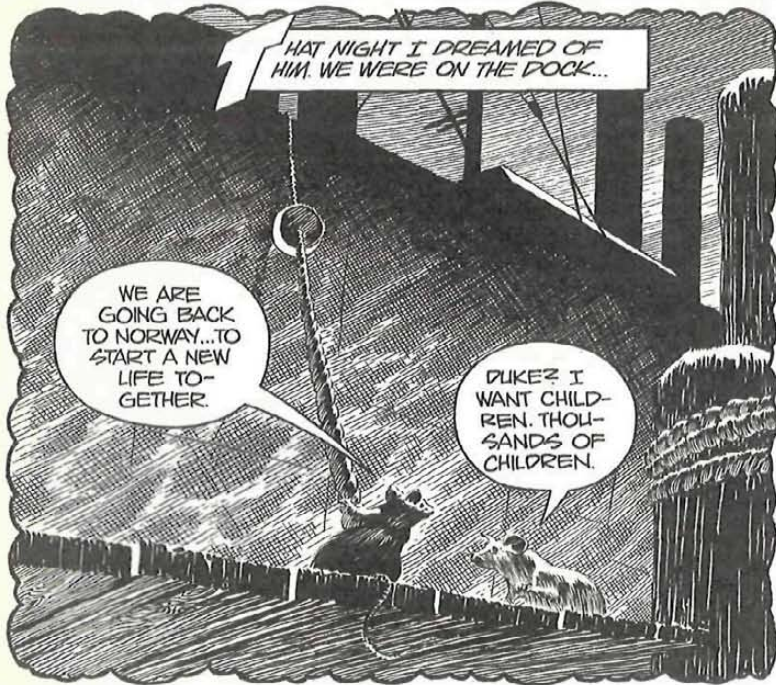
HE SEEMED INSULAR, WITHDRAWN, MOODY. I SENSED A DARK PERIOD IN HIS PAST.

GET AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL BITE YOU!



I SENSED SOMETHING WARM, SOMETHING REAL, DEEP INSIDE HIM...IF ONLY I COULD REACH IT.

EEEEK!



THAT NIGHT I DREAMED OF HIM. WE WERE ON THE DOCK...

WE ARE GOING BACK TO NORWAY...TO START A NEW LIFE TOGETHER.

DUKE? I WANT CHILDREN. THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.



WHEN IT HAPPENED AT THE RAT GUARD HE FELL...DOWN AND DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS...

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I LANDED ON SOME GARBAGE.



REMEMBER THROWING MYSELF FROM THE ROPE INTO THE NOTHINGNESS. I WOKE UP IN THE LABORATORY, CALLING HIS NAME....

DUKE, DUKE...



SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE, PRESSED AGAINST ME.

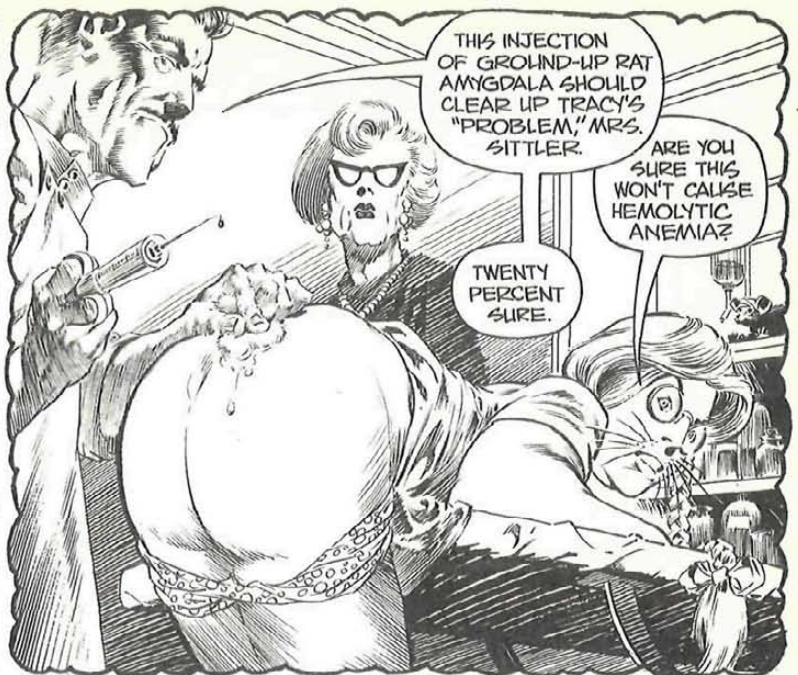
DARLING, IS IT REALLY ME YOU WANT?

YES, DUKE! OH, YES!



HE TOLD ME THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND...ALL THE OTHERS.

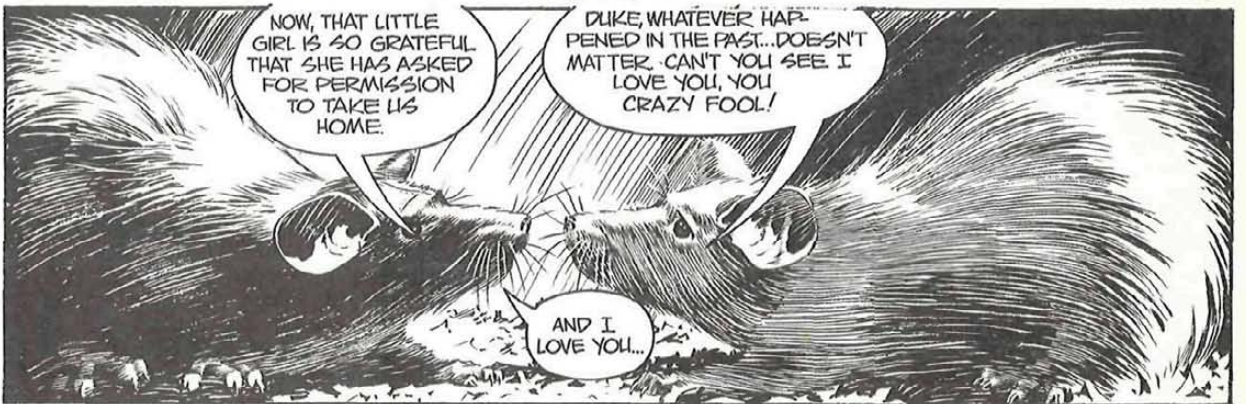
SIX MONTHS AGO I UNDERWENT A DELICATE OPERATION TO SAVE A LITTLE GIRL FROM A TERRIBLE FATE.



THIS INJECTION OF GROUND-UP RAT AMYGDALA SHOULD CLEAR UP TRACY'S "PROBLEM," MRS. SITTLER.

ARE YOU SURE THIS WON'T CAUSE HEMOLYTIC ANEMIA?

TWENTY PERCENT SURE.



NOW, THAT LITTLE GIRL IS SO GRATEFUL THAT SHE HAS ASKED FOR PERMISSION TO TAKE US HOME.

DUKE, WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THE PAST... DOESN'T MATTER. CAN'T YOU SEE I LOVE YOU, YOU CRAZY FOOL!

AND I LOVE YOU...



THE TRAGIC ENDING...

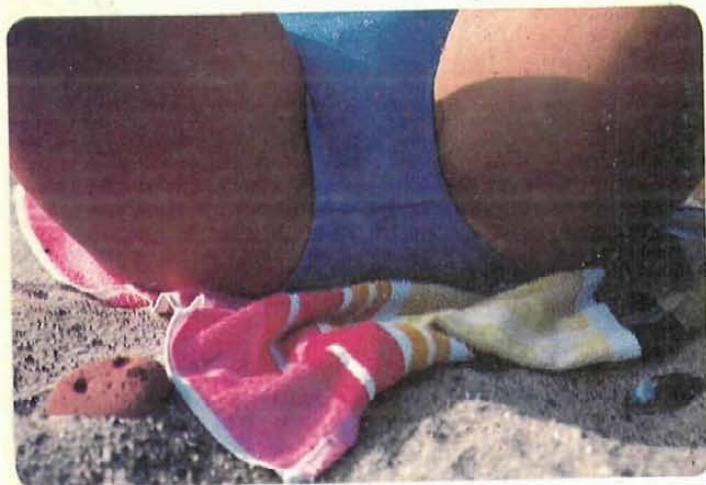
TOMORROW THEIR BRAINS GO INTO THE CENTRIFUGE TO CHECK THE ADRENOCORTICOTROPHIN LEVELS.

THEN I'LL HAVE MY OWN CLURE FOR "RAT EARS."

# LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

by P.J. O'Rourke and Susan Devins

"...one of those bathing suits with just a wisp of pubic hair beginning to protrude...!"



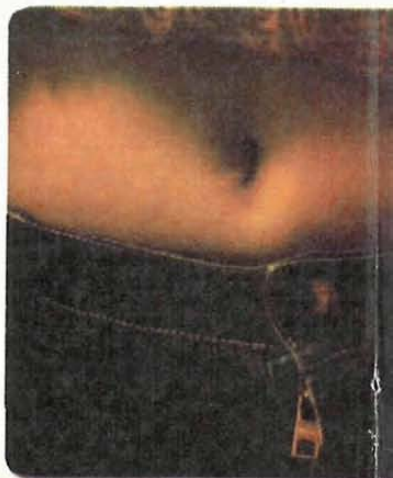
**SITUATION:** Hot, bored, oily on the beach at Hilton Head. Wife's shopping, kids are off drowning in the ocean or something.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Jewish princess (actually wears jewelry with her swimsuit) sitting Indian style, talking to her fat friends.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Sleek; raven hair; olive colored; wild, exotic Oriental eyes. Some handsome Mongol horde member must have stopped off for a fast rape somewhere back in her genealogy.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** Tried to suck gut in so hard, almost passed out.

PROCESSED BY ROBAR

"...she leaned over to set down a plate of scrambled eggs and there was one button missing on her uniform blouse...."

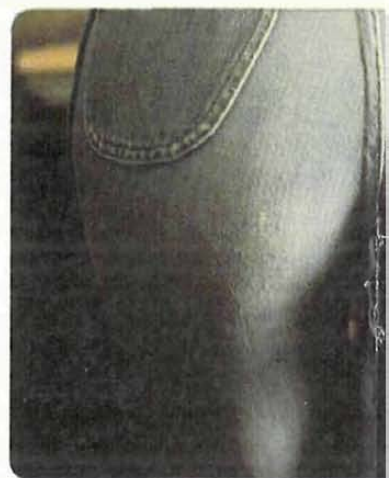


**SITUATION:** 3:00 A.M., driving to the Coast, haven't slept in two days.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Waiting on tables in an all-night diner, Holbrook, Arizona.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Uprturned nose with freckles; honey-colored hair, which she kept tossing to keep out of her eyes; couldn't have been eighteen.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HER PRIVATE LIFE:** Cheerful, normal, outgoing teenager, but haunted by a secret longing for the things of the spirit, the things of the mind. A deep, almost mystical appreciation of music, art, and literature, as yet untapped in those narrow provincial confines.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** Nothing.



**SITUATION:** Tag end of a two-week drunk in Aspen.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Barmaid at the Jerome House.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Great stomach.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HER PRIVATE LIFE:** also likes to give blowjobs on chair lifts.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** Nothing.

"...just an ass, but a sturdy erection-provoking, absolute

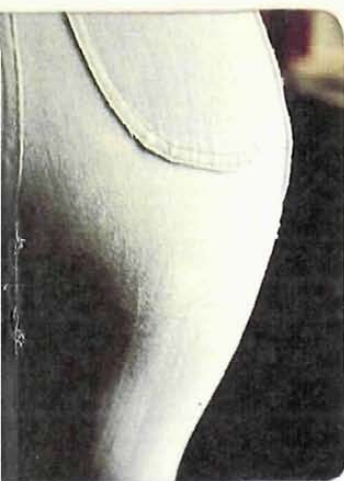


**SITUATION:** Shopping for a steak and some chips.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Bending over the vegetable bin.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Nothing shows off a perfect ass like this.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HER PRIVATE LIFE:** Moved to the city from a farm in Minnesota. Terrific career, but not affected by her lucrative career.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** Accidentally jabbed around and had the face of a she-goat.

"...reaching for a bottle and pulls up and there's just a belly--'a round goblet which like it says in the Bible...

# For Men

stupendous, amazing,  
lutely perfect ass...."



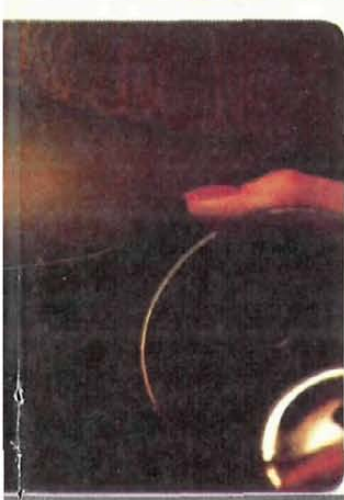
hip dip at the A&P.  
vegetable cooler.  
as like a pair of faded old Levi's.  
PRIVATE LIFE: Lonely, famous model, just moved  
c cook. Wholesome domestic instincts, barely  
ed her with the shopping cart, and she turned

"...when they have a pout like that, somehow you  
just know you're the answer, that you can be the  
one to bring some kind of fulfillment into their  
lives. You also know they give great head...."



SITUATION: Waiting in line at the 7-11.  
YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE: Also waiting in line at the 7-11.  
DESCRIPTION: Short shorts, tube top, and fuck-me shoes. Last year's Farrah Fawcett hair.  
Unbelievably ripe. Shopping basket full of Twinkies, Sailems, Doritos chips, Saturday Night  
Fever fumetti book, and a bottle of Annie Greensprings that she's too young to buy.  
WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HER PRIVATE LIFE: Orphan whose good-hearted but  
ne'er-do-well daddy left her a Camaro 396, and she needs somebody to street race it for her so  
she can pay the rent at the trailer court.  
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT: Nothing.

above the bar, her sweater  
a second's glimpse of  
ch wanteth not liquor,'  
...."



pen, Colorado.  
ne Hotel.  
PRIVATE LIFE: A wild, free, untamed spirit who

"...the buttock melding into the back of the  
thigh, not even a crease in the skin...."

SITUATION: Peeking out  
your apartment window  
while you should have been  
balancing your checkbook.  
YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:  
Neighbor one floor down,  
grilling steaks on terrace.  
DESCRIPTION: Tall; wil-  
lowy; okay face, or without  
your glasses on, anyway.  
Sunbathes a lot with her  
straps down.  
WHAT YOU CONJEC-  
TURED ABOUT HER PRI-  
VATE LIFE: Husband works  
late, too tired to be any  
good in bed. She's bored,  
has been secretly watching  
you, knows you're home a  
lot during the day; and one  
afternoon there'll be a  
knock on the door just like  
in *Penhouse Forum*.  
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:  
You say hello to her in the  
elevator and she stares at  
you like you puked.



YOU  
SLIDE  
chromo

# LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

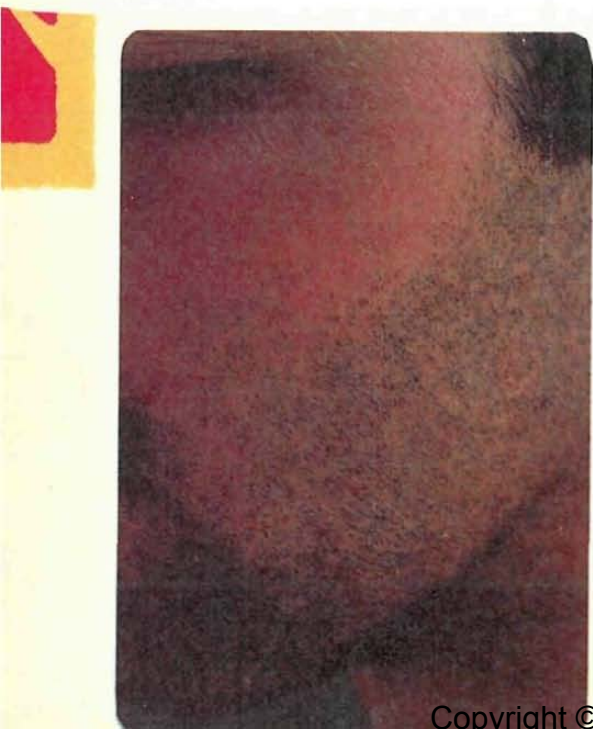
by P.J. O'Rourke and Susan Devins

...to gaze into the depths of sparkling aqua-marine eyes takes your breath away...."



**SITUATION:** At your friend Carrie's loft for Sunday brunch.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Sitting at right angles to you at the butcher-block table.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Intense blue eyes, tousled brown curly hair, ivory turtleneck sweater and brown corduroy pants; chain-smokes Pall Malls.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE:** A "serious" writer with a brooding sensuality, and a penchant for long, hot baths in special oil from Caswell-Massey.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** The fork that you were moving so steadily toward your mouth stabs you in the nose.

"...the morning light subtly highlighted the five-o'clock shadow on his sculpted face...."



**SITUATION:** Middle seat on a 707 "red eye" from LA, trying to keep up with the plot line of *Fire Sale*.

**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Nodding out next to you.

**DESCRIPTION:** Dark black hair cascading into his eyes; faded work shirt pressed up against your shoulder.

**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE:** An out-of-work rep actor, heading to NYC to audition for a showcase performance of *Moonchildren*. Fancies himself to be the next Montgomery Cliff.

**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** He wakes up, meets your intent gaze, and you stammer, "I, er, thought I, er, recognized you in this, uh, movie, and, uh..."



"...those bleached-out Le set of gluteus maximi you



**SITUATION:** Standing on line to pick up tickets.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Three places above you.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Faded Princeton T-shirt, hands in pockets.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE:** In NYC interning for the *Times*. Aspires to the probably end up writing the movie version rather than the book.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** You blush a deep red. He interprets this as a cue for an unsolicited embrace.

"...you focus on the tiny of his open shirt, and you to Eliot, for his 'laughte cups....'"



**SITUATION:** On the 5:27 New Haven Line to join your friend.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Sitting across the aisle from you.  
**DESCRIPTION:** His tie is loosened, shirt unbuttoned, hands in pockets.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE:** In NYC interning for the *Times*. Aspires to the probably end up writing the movie version rather than the book.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** You fixate on his exposed chest. He interprets this as a cue for an unsolicited embrace. "The noise of the train is muffled in the heavy..."

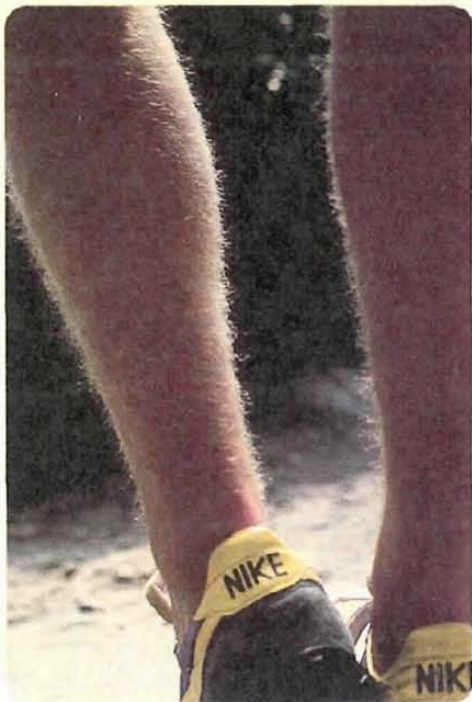
# For Women

...when summer arrives, and the brown hair on his tight legs turns blond, you are transported....

vi's reveal the firmest ever beheld...."



**SITUATION:** Walking along Central Park West.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Jogging by you at a steady pace.  
**DESCRIPTION:** White and green-striped Adidas shorts strikingly juxtaposed against his tan, muscular calves. His stance takes on the character of Tom Courtenay in *Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE:** He has Olympic aspirations, and if he could just kick his Marlboro habit, he might make it.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** Your ankle turns, your Dr. Scholl sandal flies two feet ahead, and you slip on the curb to read "The Deep Is Coming" in white stencil on the gutter.



s to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the park. head of you on line. hooked into the back pockets of his jeans. **DATE LIFE:** A literate brat, spending his summer in the Woodward-Bernstein ilk of reporter but will prefer than cracking the lid off any nuclear power plant while looking at his ass, and your date misadventure.

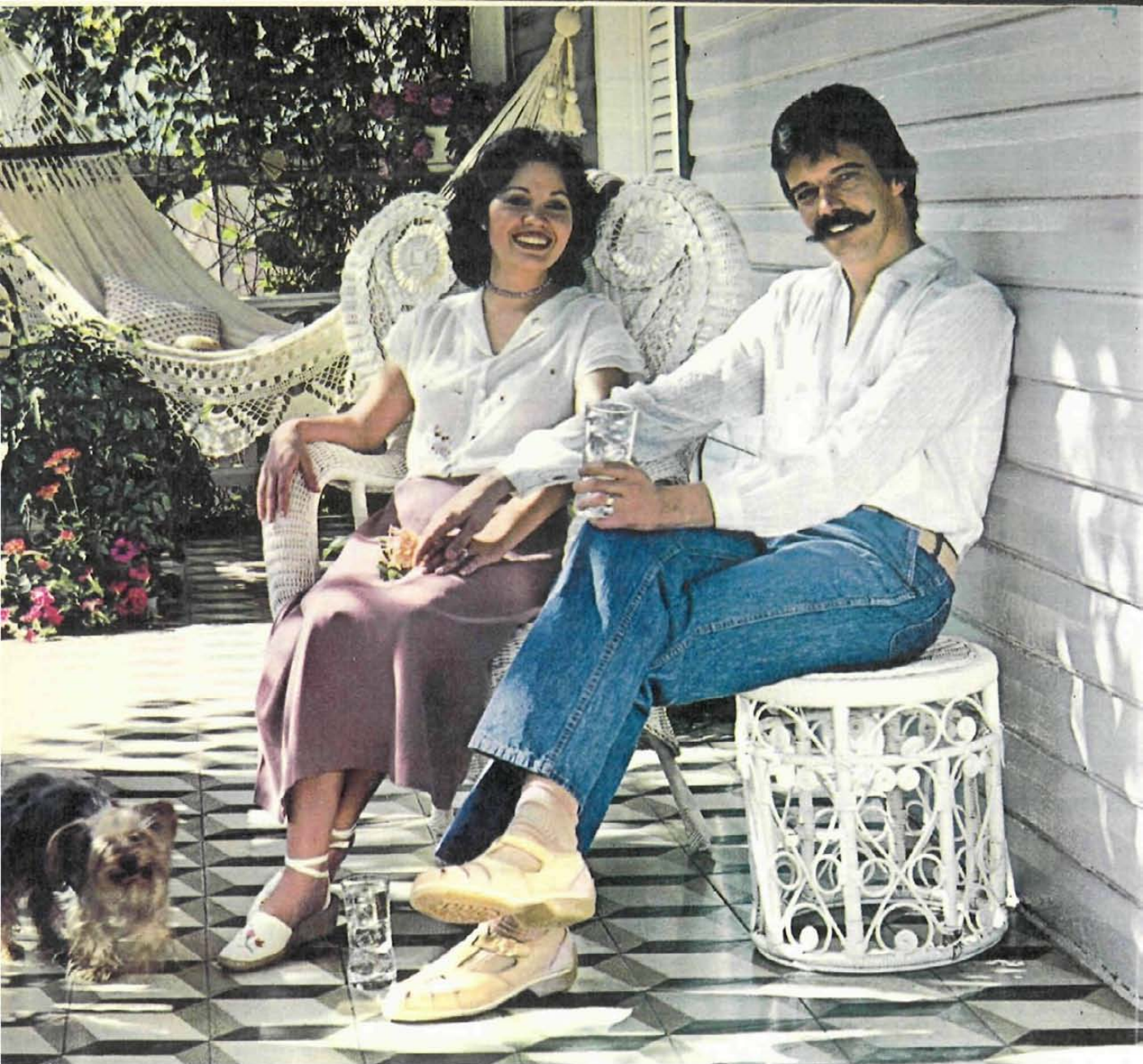
bit of skin at the neck know he must be related or tinkled among the tea-

"...the refrain of 'We Are Family' booms out of his car stereo while his great forearm adjusts the sideview mirror...."



in your aunt for dinner at her club. aisle from you in a seat that faces yours. toned, and attaché case open. **DATE LIFE:** A novice attorney at Crevath, Swain, & Co. He secretly yearns to play bass for Blondie. posed clavicle for an instant, and then you read, "collage..." eleven times in John Cheever's short-story collection *Greenwich*.

**SITUATION:** Cruising along the Long Island Expressway.  
**YOUR NEWFOUND LOVE:** Speeding by you in his souped-up fiery-painted Trans-Am.  
**DESCRIPTION:** Wearing a torn gray undershirt, exposing a rippling forearm and tricep area, tapping his fingers on the top of his car hood.  
**WHAT YOU CONJECTURED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE:** Garage mechanic with earthy sensibilities, raw energy, total fixation on camshafts.  
**WHAT HAPPENED NEXT:** You drive six exits into the Belt Parkway and miss your mother's plane at Kennedy by an hour.



**“We Puerto Ricans know white rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka. We’re pleased you’re starting to agree with us.”**

**Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.**

Puerto Rican white rum and soda on the rocks with a twist. Refreshingly dry and satisfying.

You’ll also find that white rum mixes beautifully with other favorites like tonic and orange juice. In fact no matter how you mix it, Puerto Rican white rum makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For one very good reason. By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to

smoothness, aging is the name of the game. **Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.**

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**

**Aged for smoothness and taste.**

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## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 46

points. And I was grieved by love for her.

We got them to leave, at last, about six that morning, by telling them that we agreed they should share in running the newspaper and that our staff would meet with their collective that night, at someplace of their own choosing, to work out the details of cooperation. We spent the day rounding up our friends and acquaintances. We had a number of people who were more or less dependent on us for making a living, which they did by selling copies of the newspaper and simultaneously soliciting handouts. Then there were the black kids from the neighborhood for whom some of our staff were the source of marijuana, and various drifters and low-grade criminals whom we'd given a place to sleep, and a certain number of unsavory types who counted on our classified ads to fulfill their unattractive sexual needs. Plus, there was a motorcycle gang that had somehow decided we were "okay" and shared a hippie lawyer with us. We collected these people and then called Bart and told him that we were ready to meet but that he'd better have a large room available because there were a lot of our friends who considered themselves de facto staff members and we had consented to bring all of them. Bart said he was, um, awful busy just then and we'd have to schedule the meeting, you know, for some other time.

We expected some kind of retribution. Bart and Gloria were publicly committed to "armed struggle," as it was known. And the TV news had reported a theft of a hundred pounds of dynamite from a construction site near the Maryland Liberation Front apartment building. The only two people on our staff who had guns were Barry and me. Of course, it was natural that Barry should have one, but we didn't know that at the time. Anyway, he and I were set to guard the offices every night. And from midnight until daybreak we would hang around on the first floor, loading and reloading our pistols and talking about this and that and peering out the window sideways like in gangster movies. We did this for about three weeks, and three weeks, it must be remembered, was a very long time in those days of millisecond attention spans and mercurial shifts of belief. By then, Barry and I had relaxed and were leaving the doors open most of the time, though we still kept our guns handy.

One night we were in the front room of the row house. Barry was leaning against a wall; he had his automatic tucked in the waistband of his pants. There was an old wooden desk at the far end of the room, facing the door, and I was standing behind that, my .22 in the top drawer. We were talking about something, and then the front door swung open and in came a bunch of the same longhaired hooligans who had held us prisoner before. Barry grabbed for his pistol but, missing slightly, drove it down the front of his pants. I pulled open the desk drawer and slipped my hand in, but I was so nervous that I neglected to step back from the desk, and, with the drawer against my thigh, there wasn't room enough to get my hand with the gun in it out again. The intruders looked at Barry, who seemed to be furiously groping himself, and then at me with my hand stuck in a desk drawer, feverishly banging something around in there. I think they were a little frightened. Not me, though; I was struck with what seemed at that moment great mental clarity and perfect calm. I can't get my gun out of the drawer because I'm standing with my leg in the way, I thought, so I'll shoot through the back of the desk. I flipped the safety off and cocked the hammer, and I was just taking what aim I could at the members of the Maryland Liberation Front, when the group of them parted and Vicky stood directly in my line of fire. She'd come to get her books on Buddhism, she explained, and she and her friends trooped upstairs.

"It's a trap!" shouted Barry, who was retrieving his pistol from the bottom of his bell-bottom trouser leg. And when they came back downstairs he and I had pulled a bookcase into the middle of the room and were crouching behind it, peering around the sides, our weapons at the ready. They looked

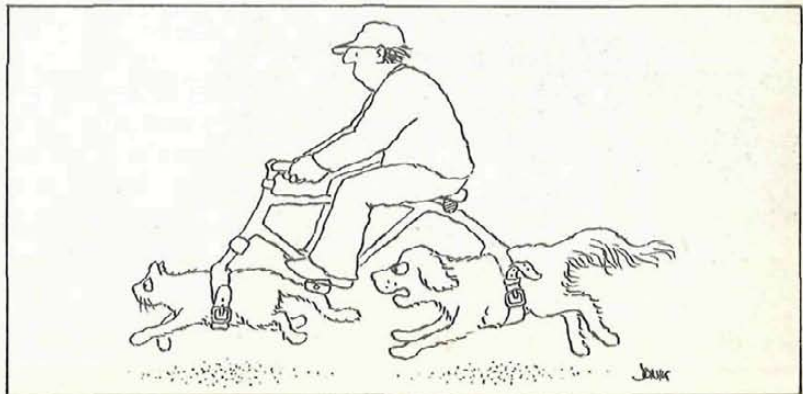
at us again with misgivings and walked out the door.

Soon afterward I heard Vicky left the political collective, in the company of someone but not Tim. I don't know where she went, but in early October she showed up at the newspaper office again. I was alone at the moment, and we snuggled for a while. Then she indicated that she wanted me to go down on her. She was wearing only a small knit top and a pair of cutoff jeans, no shoes, nothing else. She took the shorts off herself. Vicky hadn't before shown any interest in oral sex, and she'd never reciprocated, but as soon as I had apparently brought her to orgasm, she undid my fly and, still wearing the knit top, blew me with great competence. Then, while I was half dozing, she dressed (a second's work) and left.

I saw her only once more during the next year. I quit the newspaper that fall, moved to another part of town, and got a job working construction. Late in November, on, as it happened, the eve of my birthday, I was walking home from work in the rain and Vicky was standing at a bus stop without umbrella or hat, apparently unconcerned by the weather, though it was not forty degrees. I took her back to my place and dried her off, and we fucked on an old fur coat that some girl had left in my closet. As always, she seemed pleased to see me, but, though we talked for a long time, all I found out was that she was living in Annapolis, with someone, or sort of, or maybe not. The next day, when I called the number she'd left me, I got a recording saying the phone was disconnected.

But it was that year, through a number of happenstance acquaintances, that I began to learn something about Vicky, or at least about her past. I met a number of other guys, some my age, some older, some even much

continued on page 85



WHY DID I TORTURE MYSELF? WHAT COULD MY HANDSOME BOSS EVER SEE IN A CRAZY KID FRESH OUT OF SCHOOL? WAS I HIS SECRETARY, HIS EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT WITH A PROMISING CAREER IN MANAGEMENT, OR THE WILDEST FUCK HE'D EVER HAD? FIND OUT IN...

# DO IT YOURSELF LOVE!

WE DRAW THE PICTURES, YOU WRITE THE SCRIPT!



AS TOLD TO TRINA ROBBINS

AS LETTERED BY TOM ORZ

MS. THORPE, WHERE'S MY COFFEE AND DANISH?

Oh, YOU BIG HANDSOME JERK. IF YOU ONLY KNEW THAT I'M EVERY DREAM IS OF YOU, DEAR! I'M COMPLAINING TO NOW THAT YOU MAKE YOUR SECRETARIES SERVE BREAKFAST! THE RECEPTIONIST SAYS YOU HAVE THE BIGGEST DORK ON MADISON AVENUE!

SO THERE I WAS, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, WEARING MY HEART ON MY SLEEVE FOR A GUY WHO DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WAS ALIVE. I HAD AMBITION, JOB SKILLS, AND THE DESIRE FOR INCREASED RESPONSIBILITY. I COULD DEEP-THROAT AN ELK.

STILL AT YOUR DESK, MS. THORPE? IT'S PAST FIVE. NOT GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD IN THIS MALE-DOMINATED INDUSTRY. TIME FOR ME TO STOP BY THE MASSAGE PARLOR.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. FLOOD, I HAVE SOME EXTRA WORK. I PLANS FOR A NEW INVENTORY CONTROL SYSTEM THAT CAN SAVE THIS COMPANY \$2.3 MILLION. COKE.



I REALLY JUST WANTED TO LOOK AT YOU, YOU BIG HUNK. WAIT UNTIL YOU WERE GONE AND SEARCH THROUGH YOUR FILES FOR SOMETHING INCRIMINATING THAT WOULD GET YOU FIRED. I HAVE YOU BEND ME OVER THE TYPEWRITER AND TAKE ME DOGGY STYLE.

IT'S NOT LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES WITH THE CUTE GUYS IN THE MAILROOM...

HEY, ANN, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO TO A MOVIE FRIDAY NIGHT? HAVE A LIBERATED RELATIONSHIP THAT WOULD PAY NO ATTENTION TO CONVENTIONAL SEX-ROLE MODELS? GO BACK IN THE MAILROOM AND GET INTO A MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK WITH ANGELO AND TOMMY AND BOBO AND SAL?

NO THANKS, TOD, I HAVE TO WASH MY HAIR. LIKE GIRLS. DON'T THINK THAT ONLY FIVE OF YOU WOULD BE ABLE TO SATISFY ME.



OVER LUNCH, JUDY, THE RECEPTIONIST, TRIED TO TALK SOME SENSE INTO ME.



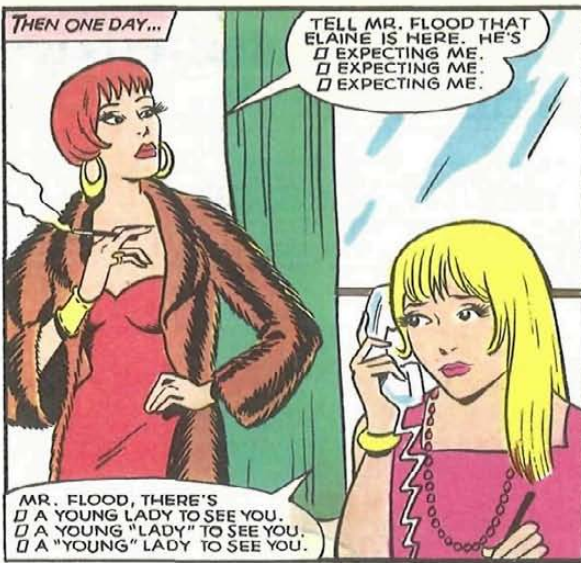
LET'S FACE IT, ANN, THE WHOLE OFFICE KNOWS YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO GET MARRIED AND BE MOTHERS AND WIVES. HIS COCK IS REALLY LONG BUT IT'S NOT THAT THICK AROUND.



OH, JUDY, I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIM.

I THINK YOU SHOULD JOIN A CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING GROUP.

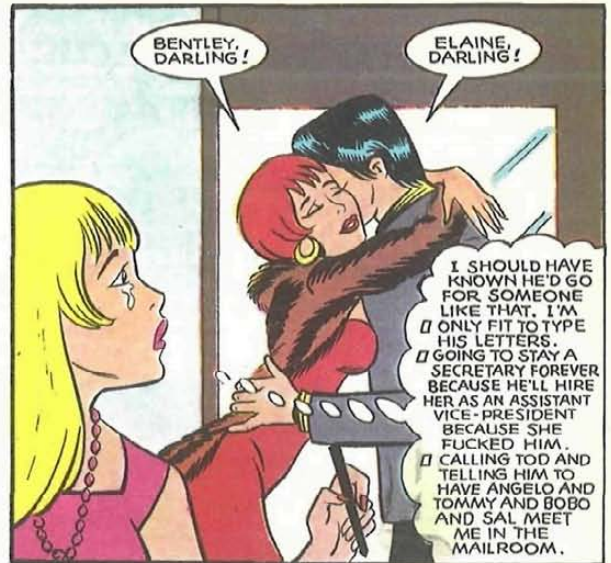
DON'T CARE; IT'S THE SIZE OF HIS TONGUE THAT DRIVES ME NUTS.



THEN ONE DAY...

TELL MR. FLOOD THAT ELAINE IS HERE. HE'S  
□ EXPECTING ME.  
□ EXPECTING ME.  
□ EXPECTING ME.

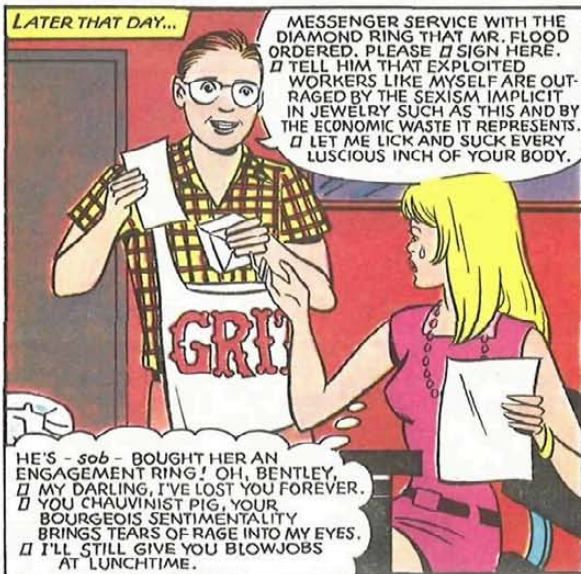
MR. FLOOD, THERE'S  
□ A YOUNG LADY TO SEE YOU.  
□ A YOUNG "LADY" TO SEE YOU.  
□ A "YOUNG" LADY TO SEE YOU.



BENTLEY, DARLING!

ELAINE, DARLING!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D GO FOR SOMEONE LIKE THAT. I'M  
□ ONLY FIT TO TYPE HIS LETTERS.  
□ GOING TO STAY A SECRETARY FOREVER BECAUSE HE'LL HIRE HER AS AN ASSISTANT VICE-PRESIDENT BECAUSE SHE FUCKED HIM.  
□ CALLING TOD AND TELLING HIM TO HAVE ANGELO AND TOMMY AND BOBO AND SAL MEET ME IN THE MAILROOM.



LATER THAT DAY...

MESSENGER SERVICE WITH THE DIAMOND RING THAT MR. FLOOD ORDERED. PLEASE  
□ SIGN HERE.  
□ TELL HIM THAT EXPLOITED WORKERS LIKE MYSELF ARE OUTRAGED BY THE SEXISM IMPLICIT IN JEWELRY SUCH AS THIS AND BY THE ECONOMIC WASTE IT REPRESENTS.  
□ LET ME LICK AND SUCK EVERY LUSCIOUS INCH OF YOUR BODY.

HE'S - sob - BOUGHT HER AN ENGAGEMENT RING! OH, BENTLEY,  
□ MY DARLING, I'VE LOST YOU FOREVER.  
□ YOU CHAUVINIST PIG, YOUR BOURGEOIS SENTIMENTALITY BRINGS TEARS OF RAGE INTO MY EYES.  
□ I'LL STILL GIVE YOU BLOWJOBS AT LUNCHTIME.



STIFLING MY SOBS, I BROUGHT THE RING INTO HIS OFFICE.

I HAVE  
□ A PACKAGE FOR YOU, SIR.  
□ HALF A MIND TO LET YOUR SUPERIORS KNOW THAT YOU GOT THE MONEY FOR THIS RING BY PADDING YOUR EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

□ SOMETHING A LOT HOTTER BETWEEN MY LEGS THAN SHE DOES.  
  
SIT DOWN, MS. THORPE, AND TAKE  
□ A LETTER.  
□ ALL THE PERSONAL EFFECTS OUT OF YOUR DESK. THEN SUBMIT YOUR RESIGNATION IN TRIPPLICATE.  
□ YOUR CLOTHES OFF.



TO MS. ANN THORPE. DEAR MS. THORPE: MY SISTER HELPED ME PICK OUT THIS RING. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT. PLEASE  
□ SAY YOU'LL BE MY WIFE.  
□ HELP ME START AN INTERNATIONAL JEWELRY BROKERAGE BUSINESS AND I'LL MAKE YOU CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.  
□ INSERT IT IN YOUR VAGINA AND I'LL FISH IT OUT WITH MY TEETH.

YOUR SISTER?  
OH,  
□ BENTLEY!  
□ YEAH?  
□ BOY!!!



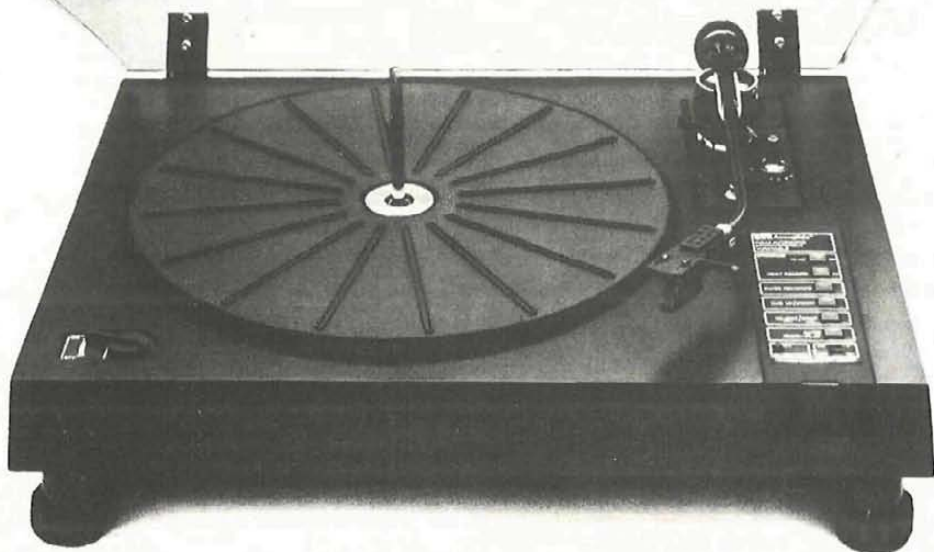
OH, BENTLEY, I  
□ LOVE YOU.  
□ RESPECT YOU.  
□ WILL FUCK YOU SILLY.

OH, ANN,  
□ I LOVE YOU, TOO.  
□ RESPECT YOU ALSO.  
□ GET OFF MY FOOT.

□ THE BEGINNING. □ THE BEGINNING OF A HUGE MULTINATIONAL CONGLOMERATE. □ THE END.

# Introducing Accuglide™. The computerized remote control turntable.

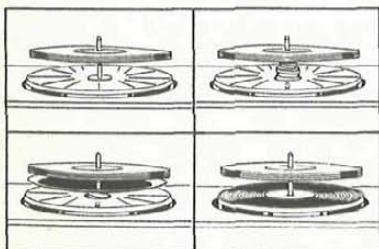
It provides hours of viewing pleasure.  
(You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)



Even before you enjoy listening to Accuglide™, you're going to want to spend time just watching it. Because Accuglide performs like no other turntable you've ever seen.

Watch Accuglide's unique rotary spindle raise and lower your records like an elevator. So your hard rock doesn't drop on "Madame Butterfly."

You'll see Accuglide's spindle rotate its way to the top to pick up your record, carefully lower it, then gently place it onto the platter. Unlike other multiplex turntables, it doesn't drop them.



In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't

be in better hands. Not even your own.

Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

Now, listening to relaxing music can really be relaxing. Thanks to Accuglide's remote control you can play your favorite music without jumping up and down.

In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.

So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

You can have all this viewing and listening pleasure for a song.



**BSR Accuglide™** The computerized remote control turntable.

# The Hughes Engagement Guide

by John Hughes

## HER BODY

*Basic rule:* "Everything gets bigger, hairier, and closer to the ground."

Some women hold up better than others. Some age and wrinkle, gain weight and distort almost overnight, it seems, while others last for years. Ex-

amine the six primary female phyla illustrated below. Determine the one that most resembles your fiancée.

### How She Will Hold Up

TODAY

TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Cute as a Button

Fat as a Cow



Voluptuous Sex Kitten

Mangy Old Cat



Pixie

Hillbilly



Exotic

Bizarre



Sultry

Swarthy

"Many a man has fallen in love with a girl in light so dim he would not have chosen a suit by it."

*Maurice Chevalier*

Everyone from William Shakespeare to Mickey and Sylvia has said that love is blind. Love does not see with the eye, they say, but with the heart, and if you've ever tried to make it through the stock quotations with your heart, you can begin to see the problem facing so many grooms today. These men, who suddenly find themselves writing poems and attaching them to single yellow roses, worrying about what they look like naked, and shaking baby powder into their underpants, are in no con-

dition to objectively assess the pros and cons of the little gal who's got them in such a dither. Many a man wiggled out on male hormones has stumbled up the aisle of love bellowing "I do!" only to wake up six months later with a sebaceous harlot where once there had been a fairy princess. It is a sad story, but for 90 percent of us, it is the story of our lives.

## HER BREASTS

### Breast Declivity as Effected by Age and Volume

Type	Large	Medium	Small
Age	18-20	18-20	18-20
	22-25	22-25	22-25
	30+	30+	30+
navel			

*Note movement of the nipple downward.*

## THE FIRMNESS TEST

To fully evaluate the long-haul capability of the bosom to retain shape and character, you have to measure the firmness. In the case of full-busted girls, the breakdown of the fibrous tissue connecting the lobes may already be in progress and will

accelerate at a disheartening rate after marriage. A small breast that would score well in a droop test and on a cup curve may not have sufficient firmness to retain shape and could become an unsavory "pot-holder"-variety bosom in a short time.

### Her Breasts Are:

Small 3 points

Medium 2 points

Large 1 point

Score \_\_\_\_\_

### Results:

- 6 points ..... Breasts alone are reason enough to marry her.
- 5 points ..... Breasts and good cheekbones are enough.
- 4 points ..... Breasts okay, but she better have a job.
- 3 points ..... She needs a job, paid-up car, and videodisk machine.
- 2 points ..... She better have two jobs, family money, and a great face.
- 1 point ..... An alien force has taken control of your mind; seek refuge in another country.

### They are as Firm As:

Auto Seat 3 points

Kaiser Roll 2 points

Rosin Bag 1 point

## A BREAST CHECKLIST

1. Examine the bosoms under full-light conditions (does not include candles, moonlight, or colored light bulbs) and note the appearance of hair on the areola or red welts indicating plucking of areola hair, moles or warts, networks of blue veins, stretch marks.
2. Moisten nipples, then blow on them to make sure they erect properly.

3. Do you honestly like the shape of her breasts? The color of her nipples?
4. Will she do strenuous exercises to keep her pectoral muscles in tone?
5. In the unlikely event that it would become necessary to save your marriage, would she consent to cosmetic breast surgery?

## HER PERSONALITY

At the Party	No Personality	Too Much Personality
She wears a...	coat.	slit skirt, no panties.
She drinks...	Pepto-Bismol.	Heineken's with a Chivas chaser.
During cocktails she...	sits in the car.	asks the waiter if he's ever fucked a U. of Colorado grad.
At dinner she...	chokes on a piece of meat.	announces that the oysters look like a part of her body, and invites the host to take the first guess.
After dinner she...	sits in the kitchen with the help and tells them she feels ugly and won't blame them if they hate her, because she hates herself.	does a Grace Jones impression and tells the hostess the joke about the football player who spikes the baby.

## HER GENITALS

As important as they are, oddly enough, they don't change that much, and it's very difficult to get a bad set. Since the criteria for judging the beauty of female genitals are so very low, you will have to find a deformity case or a hermaphrodite to marry an ugly set. Children will affect the muscle force and grip factor, but, overall, what you see now is what

you'll see for many years. The downy covering of youth will give way to something hairy and coarse, but space-age cosmetic science has developed several safe and effective ways to keep genital hair at a reasonable level. The only real red flag is if your fiancée has a very low personal grooming standard or a feminine-organ malfunction.

## TAKE A SECOND LOOK!

You've admired the paint job, you've kicked the tires, but have you looked under the hood? Take a good

long look at her and make sure you haven't missed a colony of hairy moles in her armpit.



Example A

First glance.



Example B

A closer look.

## BEWARE!

Beware of the girl who's holding it in! There are many fat women in the theme bars and office pools of our country who are passing as thin women only through extraordinary devotion to grueling exercise programs and dangerous diets. Once these women get married, they'll have to let go and become what they really are—huge, fat pie wagons who will feel no compunction about wearing black slacks and blouse to the beach. They never lose this weight

and will add another twenty or thirty pounds with each child. These gals are very clever and often manage to snare nice-looking men. They go right into childbirth, home mortgage, and furniture investment, so that when the metamorphosis from slender to zeppelin is complete, the husband is too heavily invested, emotionally and financially, to get out. You can avoid getting hitched up to one of these latent behemoths through early detection.

### The Five Signs of Future Fat

1. All of her clothing is too tight. She is struggling to keep in a size she outgrew long ago.
2. Short legs and waddling gait.
3. She insists on total darkness for sex.
4. Her hair looks fabulous. She is concentrating on the one part of her body that will not get fat.
5. She eats the lime in her Perrier water.

## HER MIND

Phi Beta Kappas are swell, but they can't cook and they don't make the leap from quantum physics to the ironing board with much grace. All you should want from a girl is enough sense to manage the house, hold a

decent job, and not embarrass you at a dinner party by asking the British ambassador if her dress makes her look fat. Here is a simple intelligence test for prospective brides.

### Question:

"What is at the core of our current problems with Mexico?"

### If she answers:

"I just love this song, turn it up! Oooo, I love the nightlife!"

**She is a dumbass.**

### If she answers:

"You haven't phrased the question very well. Are you referring to the natural-gas pricing debacle or the general ill feeling toward the Yanqui?"

**She is a smartass.**

### If she answers:

"We're not very nice to them; let's fuck, then I'll make you dinner and vacuum out your car."

**Don't wait for the wedding. Elope and buy her anything she wants.**

## HER FAMILY

Unless you have the good fortune to marry an orphan, your bride will be but the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the total marriage package. In fact, she may represent as little as 20 percent of what you actually

marry. After the honeymoon, you will have to face the fact that all those miserable swine in wild suits who made your wedding reception such a forgettable experience are now *your* family.

### Evaluate Her Relatives

#### Step 1

Find out how many there are, where they live, what they do for a living, and how likely they are to need money or a place to stay.

#### Step 2

Check with police to see if any of her family have been involved in organized crime or have committed crimes. Try to determine if there are any unsavory characters in her family who could surface and embarrass you, should you get famous, rich, or elected to public office.

#### Step 3

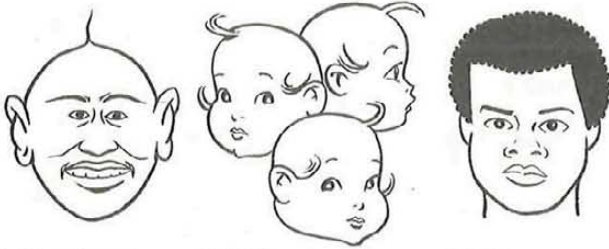
Ask yourself, "Are her brothers and sisters the type of people I want my children to call aunt and uncle? If both she and I were killed, would I want my children raised by her parents?"

## SPECIAL CONSIDERATION: THE ONLY CHILD

Be aware that if you marry an only child, you will be solely responsible for the care and keeping of her parents when they reach their senior years. In conventional families an unmarried sister or brother takes the parents, and the other family members contribute to the upkeep bill, or they all kick in enough to send the parents to a trailer park in Sarasota. But with the only child, there is no one to share the burden, so you must bear it alone. At worst, it could mean adding an apartment to your present dwelling and having a pair of sour old people peering in on you for the rest of their lives (be reminded that living

with a real family is a wonderful elixir for the elderly, and they often hang on for years longer than anybody would have thought). At best, it will mean writing checks, and visiting an old-folks home on holidays, and lying to your wife about how happy her parents seemed. Don't be fooled by prenuptial assurances that her parents have pensions and savings and that their future is taken care of. Whatever they have put away, it isn't enough. In twenty years, thirty thousand of their dusty old dollars may not be enough to buy a six-pack of Maalox.

## HER OFFSPRING



Is There Anyone in Her Family Who Looks Like This?

Or This?

Or This?

## HER HEALTH

It seldom occurs to the man in love that his fiancée could be struck down by a cruel disease he thought only existed in made-for-TV movies. Nor does he think that she could be a miserable whiner who catches bugs like a frog. It's a wise groom who

does his homework and peeks into her medical history. A simple way to get a bead on what sort of health her family enjoys is to bring up the subject in a casual dinner conversation with the family.

### Sample Dialogue

**You:** The pork roast is superb. Mrs. Franklin! Oh, that reminds me. What did Kathi's grandparents die of?

**Mrs. Franklin:** Bumpy died of stomach cancer, and, let's see...Poppy Charles died of tuberculosis.

**Mr. Franklin:** There is a load of cancer on my mother's side. Dad had Parkinson's. Now, Kathi's Grandma and Grandpa Twilley both had congenital heart trouble and Hodgkins, which is a real coincidence, to find people from two separate families with that combination!

**Kathi:** Well, who had Lou Gehrig's disease, then?

**Mrs. Franklin:** Auntie Carol and Uncle Raymond and, I think...

**You:** Can you excuse me? I have to go make a long phone call. I'll see you all in a week or so.

It's also good policy to encourage your fiancée to have all non-emergency medical problems remedied before the wedding. Many fathers of attractive daughters hold off on such things as dental work, glasses, cosmetic surgery, etc., in hopes that the new husband will have it done at his expense. Fool him and hold out.

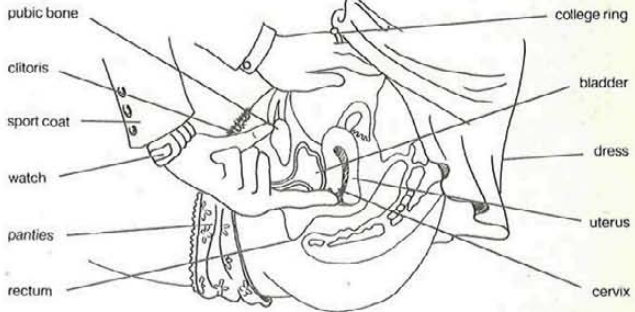
Also, you should find out how your girl stands up under pain. Girls have an extraordinary talent for blowing up

common ailments like colds and blisters into major illnesses. You can usually judge if your fiancée is a weepy whiner by the way she handles menstruation. Does she stay home from work when she has her period? Does she require special treatment and favors, like help getting in and out of automobiles? Does her period last more than a week? More than a month?

## QUICKIE PELVIC EXAM

At some point before the wedding, include in one of your romantic interludes a pelvic exam. Although you will be doing things her gynecologist does, the context in which you do

them will confuse her. However, be certain that you are tender and gentle and that you kiss her occasionally and refrain from referring to her clitoris as her "glans clitoridis."



### Step 1

Inspect the external genitals for discoloration, bumps and swellings, unusual hair distribution, or lice. Give her a hug and tell her you love her.

### Step 2

Insert middle finger into her vagina. Lovingly ask her to cough, and test her stress incontinence (involuntary flow of urine during laughter, sneezing, or coughing). Check for Bartholin cysts, and measure the strength of her pelvic-floor muscles (AKA Hong Kong fuck muscles). Nibble her ear and caress her breasts in a circular motion from the nipple outward to include the entire breast, and note any lumps or growths.

### Step 3

When she is sufficiently aroused, insert your index finger as well. Note the size, shape, and position of her ovaries, uterus, and tubes. Be on the alert for any growths or inflammations. Palpate her uterus and see if it causes her discomfort.

### Step 4

Concentrate on her clitoris until her hips begin to move in an automatic fashion and her back arches and she begins to breathe heavily through her nose and mouth accompanied by head thrashing and guttural groaning. Promise her a house and a baby, then withdraw the index finger from her vagina and rapidly insert it into her rectum. As quickly as possible, determine the tone and alignment of her pelvic organs and adnexal region. Note any lesions. As she struggles, gauge the tone of her rectal sphincter muscle.

### Step 5

Discuss any negative findings with a gynecologist, or consult a women's-organization hot line.

## SEX

**Basic rule:** "She will learn to cook but not to fuck."

The real issue of premarital sex is how she does it and how often she does it. The food gets better but not the sex; so if you don't like it now, you'll hate it later. If she's good, keep

in mind that it might just be her drive for the diamond that's motivating her and once she's settled down and comfy she may lock up the cookie jar forever.

### Reading the Sex Fake

The sex fake is a romantic ploy designed to confuse men. It makes women seem sexier than they really are. It's a marvelous tool for maximizing impact without increasing output. It is a deep, probing kiss that curls your toes. It's a spontaneous

handjob with cocoa butter that makes you forget that you were going to ask for a blowjob. It is a moist hand that you think is a mouth. It is thirty seconds of foreplay that feels like an hour.

### Question:

"If she uses the sex fake on me and I'm satisfied, what difference does it make?"

### Answer:

"Theoretically, it makes no difference, except that the sex fake is too demanding and time-consuming to pull off for a lifetime. Generally speaking, it ceases on the Monday following the conclusion of the honeymoon. That's when you'll find out what you really married, and, of course, by then it'll be too late to turn around."

## THE MANIPULATIVE SKILLS OF THE SEX FAKE—A Sample Dialogue

**Jim:** Remember what you said last night? That we could fuck tonight?

**Jill:** I don't remember that.

**Jim:** Sure, you said...

**Jill:** Kiss me. [Pause.]

**Jim:** Let's do it, okay?

**Jill:** Just lay beside me and... Why do you have to grab at me all the time? Can't you just appreciate me for myself?

**Jim:** I'm sorry, but I want to fuck, is there anything wrong with that?

**Jill:** No. Of course not. You're so selfish. Oh, forget it! Take out your thing and I'll hold it. Come on!

**Jim:** This isn't the way I wanted it, but... [Pause.]

**Jim:** Ah! That feels so good. [Pause.]

**Jim:** Could you move your hand up and down, sort of?

**Jill:** Why don't you tell me how to do everything?

**Jim:** I'm sorry.

**Jill:** You take all the fun out of it. [Pause.]

**Jill:** Are you going to take a long time? My arm's tired from tennis.

**Jim:** I'll go like a bunny. [Pause.]

**Jim:** Want me to hold yours?

**Jill:** Jim! You said you were going to hurry! You're taking forever! Are you thinking about another girl? You are!

**Jim:** No, I'm not!

**Jill:** Yes, you are! Take me home!

**Jim:** No, please! No! There's no one else!

**Jill:** Yes there is! You can put that disgusting thing back in your pants and drive me home! I don't want to see it as long as I live!

**Jim:** Please, you have to listen to me! There's no one else!

**Jill:** Okay, maybe I believe you. Why don't we go get something to eat, and we can talk and straighten this out.

**Jim:** You mean it? Thanks. I'm sorry.

**Jill:** You should be. I'm more than a sex machine, you know. All I do is fuck, fuck, fuck! I have a brain, you know!

**Jim:** I know you do. I'm so sorry. I'm just an asshole, I guess.

**Jill:** Yes, you are, but I love you and I can't wait to get married. It'll be lots and lots of fun. Boy, am I hungry!

## GIVEAWAY LINES

"I want to do it, but I have my period. Damn! I'm so horny!"

"Would it be okay if we didn't do it just this one time?"

"After we're married, I'll be more comfortable. Right now I'm real uptight. And it isn't exactly romantic in a car, you know. Can you understand that? I love you."

## Is It a Real Orgasm?

The honest female orgasm is three to fifteen rhythmic contractions of the outer third of the vagina at .8-second intervals (the contractions follow the beat of the song "Surfin' USA"). Unless these contractions occur, you can regard her groaning, moaning, clawing, kicking, begging for mercy, and shouting filthy religious epithets as bargain-basement histrionics.

## A WORD ABOUT NUNS AND WHORES

There are two groups of women who do not bother with the sex fake. They are nuns and whores. You don't want to marry either. You'll know if you have a nun on the line by her absolute insistence on maintaining the virginity of her wazoo, her mouth, her breasts, her hands, her eyes, and her handkerchiefs. You'll love her wit and intelligence; she'll be as sweet as peaches, kind as all get-out, and a pal and a half. But she will drive you berserk. You'll never convince her to have reasonable sex on a regular basis, and the only way you'll get her pregnant is to whack off in her bathwater.

A whore is easily identified by the number of compliments you get on her from friends, family, and total strangers. She'll think up things to do that you will think are sick. She'll put out and put out and put out. Even if you're not around, she'll put out and put out and put out. If you so much as stumble on the career path, she'll be gone like spit on a skillet. And you'll never know how much of your paycheck is going for gifts to tennis studs and UPS delivery men. She cannot and will not cook, clean, or give a fly's patoot about anything north of your dork or south of your wallet.

## HER MAINTENANCE HABITS

### The Strip Test

Women are amazingly adept at concealing flaws. The more skilled a woman is at making up her face, the better her wardrobe, the keener her accessory sense, the greater the probability that she is hiding something. What you must do at the outset of a serious relationship is get an accurate picture of what she has and what she doesn't have. This is best accomplished during an overnight stay. As she sleeps, you will have an excellent opportunity to study each facial region at length. You'll be able to lift up

bangs and see what's underneath, check to see if her eyelashes are real, and smell her as she really smells. In the morning, position yourself outside the shower, so that when she emerges washed clean of foundations and blush-on, you'll get a good look at the naked truth. If she lives at home with her parents and an overnight stay is impossible, try to get her to take a nap. Make sure you schedule a very early Sunday morning, unannounced, breakfast drop-in and get her to a swim party or hose her down for a clean look.



With Eyebrow Plucking



Without Eyebrow Plucking



With Facial, Sloughing, Toner, Moisturizing, Pore Shrinking, Sealer, Base, Highlighter, Lip Gloss, Lip Liner, Eyeliner, Eye Shadow, Mascara, Eyelashes, and Blush-on.



Without Facial, Sloughing, Toner, Moisturizing, Pore Shrinking, Sealer, Base, Highlighter, Lip Gloss, Lip Liner, Eyeliner, Eye Shadow, Mascara, Eyelashes, and Blush-on.



With Hydrogen Peroxide



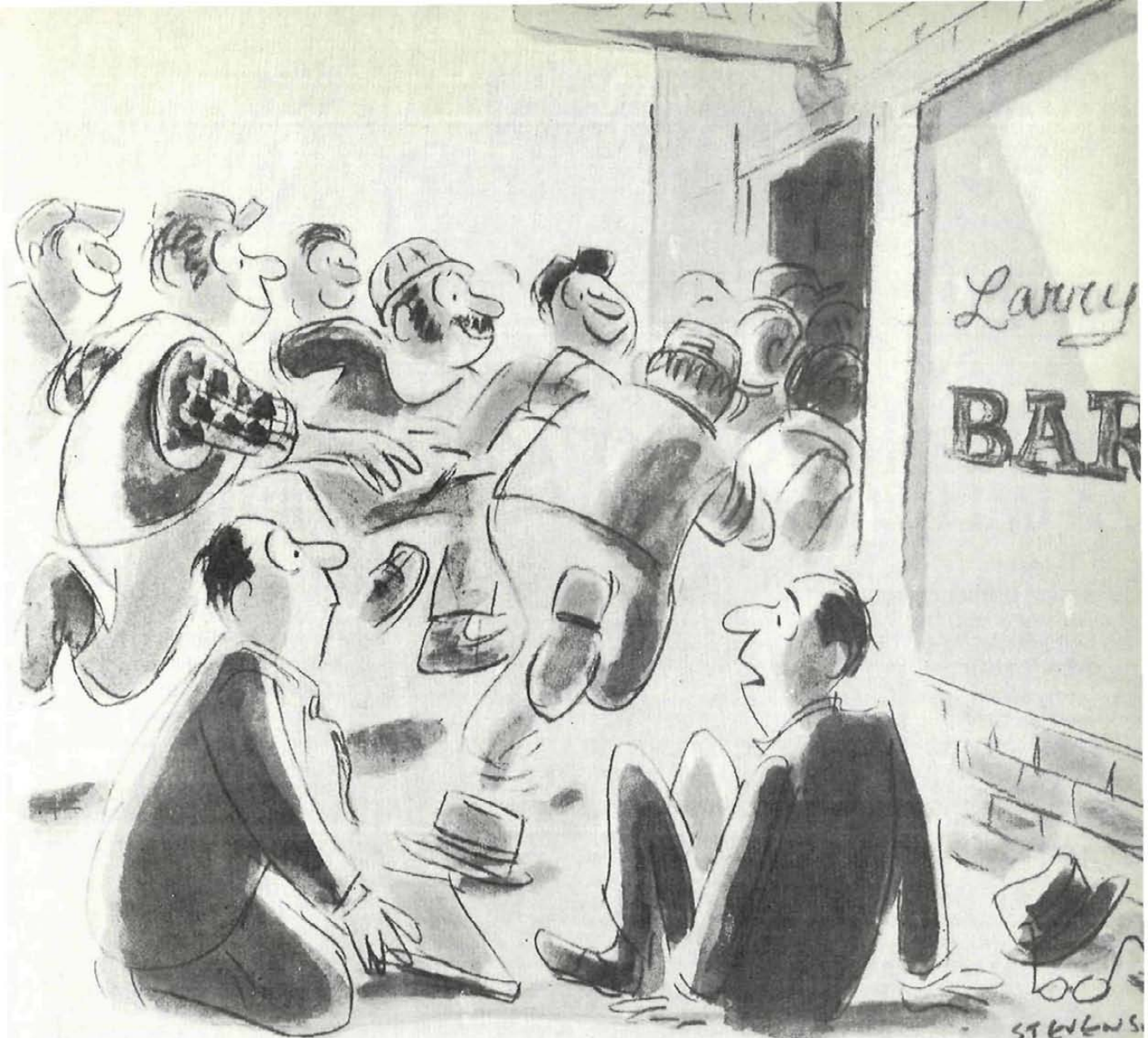
Without Hydrogen Peroxide

## AFTER YOU RENT YOUR TUXEDO...

Make sure you make emergency arrangements with an out-of-town friend for accommodations in the event you get to the church and decide, for whatever reason, that this marriage isn't for you, because there will be a lot of people looking for you, among them: a raging bride with seventy-five friends laughing behind her back; a splendid mother of the bride; a gaggle of relatives who have driven hundreds of miles with fry pans and lettuce spinners; your mom, who told you she was a slut in the first place; her brothers, who think you've damaged the goods and now don't want to pay for them; grandmas and grandpas who have sent ten thousand letters to friends the world over announcing the news; a foaming father of the bride, who has invested his motorboat money in

the wedding and can only recover 40 percent, and that only if he stiffes a few suppliers; the Al Duchin Trio, who will be among the suppliers stiffed; the department-store salesclerks the country over who have to write up refund slips for all the presents you won't get; your dad, who bought you a brand-new car because you were finally starting to act like a man; your friends whose cocaine wedding present you've already snorted up your nose at the bachelor party; your office manager, who juggled all the vacation schedules so that you could take your honeymoon; all the bitchy old broads who got their vacation schedules rearranged; and United Airlines, which will be making the Chicago-to-Honolulu run with two economy-class seats empty on September 5, 1980.





*"I think I heard somebody say there's two new flavors of Schnapps."*

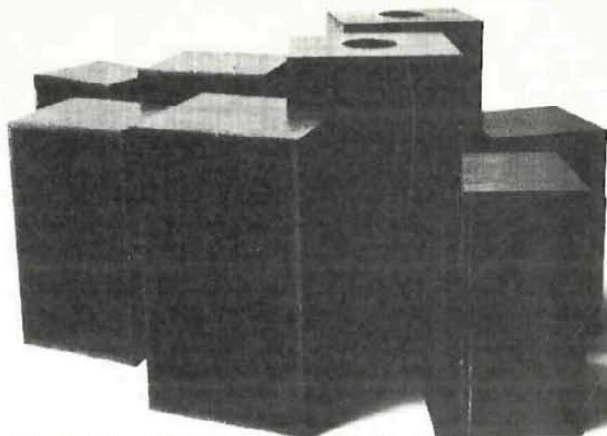
## **New Spearmint and Cinnamon Schnapps**

**both only from** *Arrow*



ARROW\* SPEARMINT & CINNAMON SCHNAPPS. 60 PROOF. © 1979. ARROW LIQUORS CO., ALLEN PARK, MICHIGAN.

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# WHAT COMES OUT OF A SPEAKER IS ONLY AS IMPRESSIVE AS WHAT GOES INTO IT.

Most speaker companies try to impress you by describing the "incredible" sound that comes out of their speakers.

At Pioneer, we think the best way to describe how good HPM speakers are is to tell you what went into them.

Instead of a conventional tweeter, you'll find HPM speakers have a unique *supertweeter*. In brief,



HPM 60

HPM 100

HPM 150

HPM 40



The HPM Supertweeter: speaker technology rises to new highs.

it works on a thin piece of High Polymer Molecular (HPM) film that converts

electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone or dome.

As a result, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that no conventional tweeter could possibly match.

We've also created special mid-range driver cones that are light enough to give you sharp response, yet rigid enough not to distort. So you're assured of hearing a lot more

music, and a lot less distortion.

And while most woofers are still made with the same antiquated materials used in 1945, ours are made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. This, plus an oversized magnet and a

long-throw voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians



You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum frames.

recorded them.

Of course, we could go on and on about the fact that every HPM speaker element has a cast aluminum frame, instead of the flimsy stamped out metal kind. Or about our special compressed wood cabinets that have better acoustic properties than ordinary wood cabinets.

It's features like this that begin to explain why unlike speakers that sound great on only part of the music,



Level controls that let you adjust the sound to your listening area.

HPM speakers sound great on all of it. And this virtue isn't something you'll find in only our most expensive HPM speaker. It's found in every HPM speaker.

At this point, we suggest you take your favorite record into any Pioneer dealer and audition a pair of HPM speakers in person.

If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.

**PIONEER®**  
We bring it back alive.

# This Magic Moment



Gary Dennis Stickles

Cheryl Margaret Hendershot

*The Shutterhead* wedding photography by THE SHUTTERHEAD

# This Magic Moment

"Sweeter than wine, softer than a summer night."

Cheryl Margaret Hendershot

and

Gary Dennis Stickles

were solemnly joined in holy wedlock

on August 2<sup>nd</sup> 1979

## We Tell the World

## And Send Forth Invitations

### Cheryl Henderslott, Airman, to Walk Down Aisle

Mr. and Mrs. Willis T. Hendershot of 461 Landon Lane, Emporia, have joyfully disclosed the betrothment of their eldest daughter, Cheryl Margaret, to Airman Spec. 4 Gary Dennis Stickles of Mound City and the Chanute Air Force Installation, Chanute, Kansas.



The bride-to-be is a 1979 graduate of the Dwight D. Eisenhower High School, where she was Downtown Emporia Ad Captain for *The General*, which is the DDE yearbook. Her father is a deputy stamp officer with the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, Emporia Field Office, and her mother is a homemaker.

Airman Stickles was graduated in 1977 from the Fourth Consolidated School District High School of Mound City, following which he enlisted in the United States Air Force, rising rapidly to his current rank of Spec. 4 in Food Delivery Systems. Airman Stickles is the son of Mr. Horton Stickles, a weighmaster with the Kansas Department of Highways, the late Mrs. Alma Stickles, and his current stepmother, Mrs. Gloria Stickles, née Slitz, of Wichita.

The bride-to-be's sister, Marla, will serve as maid of honor, while Duane Tadlock of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will stand up for the groom as best man.

### US Graduates to Wed

Mr. and Mrs. Willis T. Hendershot  
request the honour of your presence  
at the marriage of their daughter

Cheryl Margaret

to

Airman Spec. 4

Gary Dennis Stickles, USAF

on Thursday, the second day of August  
at four o'clock p.m.

St. Barnabas on the Plaza

701 South McCormick

and afterward at

The Best Rest Motor Lodge

Republican Room

338 Great Plains Boulevard

Reply S.V.P.

Wrong address! We had to  
call up everyone the night before  
and never did get a hold of Pam or

# The Proposal

Dary had just come back from his 6-weeks A.C. training in Texas when he came over to my apartment and asked me for a beer and when I opened the refrigerator there was a box sitting on top of the case. To my surprise there was a diamond ring inside it with a note saying it was for me! It was really beautiful. We planned to go to Butler to celebrate, but Dary's alternator broke so I drove him back to the base barely in time.

**ONE-YEAR UNCONDITIONAL WARRANTY**

Your **LUNCHEON FORK** from the Baronial Doubloon collection by Aero-Craft is guaranteed

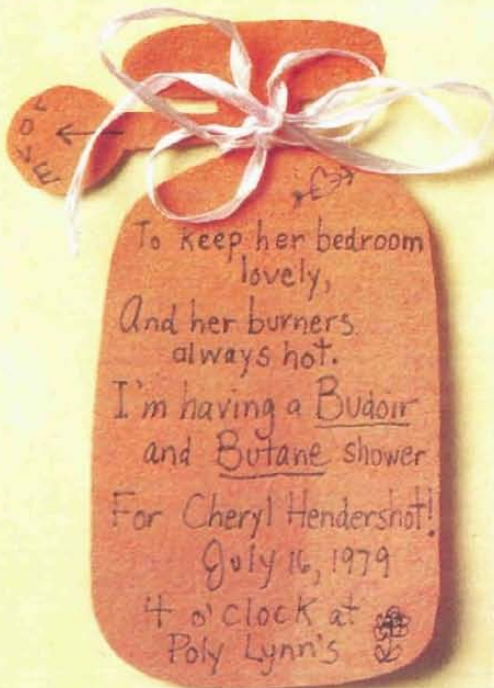
To perform without metallurgical or structural defect for a period of one year or as long as the utensil remains in the possession of the original purchaser, whichever comes first. Due to limitations of the forging process and the nature of certain ferrous metal compounds, any and all spots, pits, and minor variations in weight and color are considered usual within the terms of this warranty and are therefore excluded from it. Use by owner of Baronial Doubloon utensils for purposes other than the consumption of food—e.g., jimmieing doors when you're locked out of the house, scraping dried syrup off counter tops, and opening paint cans—shall automatically invalidate this warranty. It is advised that manufacturer's recommendations as to regular washing

## Parties and Showers

SILVER PATTERN Baronial Doubloon

CRYSTAL PATTERN Trade Winds of the Rockies

CHINA PATTERN Star Wars



The highlight of Michelle's shower she gave for me was the Kitchen Fishin game she thought up. I caught many a love gift and then Dary and his friends came by and we really had a party then.

Everything was so pretty and we even got a regulator from Charlene.

# The Wedding Day

10:38 a.m.  
 GOT UP  
 White Bathrobe  
 PUT ON  
 The Wigwam  
 BOUGHT AT  
 \$12.98  
 FOR  
 Low Clouds: 85%  
 WEATHER  
 50%  
 HUMIDITY  
 Harry  
 THOUGHT ABOUT  
 The Bathroom  
 WENT TO  
 Ote some yogurt  
 THEN I

A Cup Cake  
 AND  
 Harry  
 THOUGHT ABOUT  
 11:45 a.m.  
 STARTED TO GET  
 READY.  
 "Mocac" by Mrs. H  
 PERFUME  
 Dreck (20)  
 SHAMPOO  
 Candace's heels  
 PUT ON "SOME-  
 THING BORROWED...  
 LIPSTICK  
 SOMETHING BLUE...  
 marla's Jimmy  
 SOMETHING OLD...

Bandage  
 SOMETHING NEW"  
 Still cloudy-97  
 WEATHER  
 St. Barnabas  
 DROVE TO  
 marla  
 WITH  
 her The Blue Cutlass  
 IN  
 Big parking lot  
 CHURCH HAD  
 A curved roof  
 AND  
 air conditioning  
 PLUS  
 Harry  
 THOUGHT ABOUT

"we're Only  
 Just Begun"  
 WEDDING MUSIC  
 Bill Conti  
 BY  
 Epic/Reprise  
 ON  
 my eye medicine  
 COULDN'T FIND  
 in my travel bag  
 IT WAS  
 left with landlord  
 WHICH I  
 my rent was late  
 BECAUSE  
 I left it as security  
 SO  
 It wasn't my fault  
 BUT

I expected money  
 BECAUSE  
 The Government  
 FROM  
 they lost my forms  
 HOWEVER  
 white  
 COLOR OF MY DRESS  
 The Wigwam  
 BOUGHT AT  
 4:12 p.m.  
 SAID VOWS AT  
 a jet flew over  
 JUST AS  
 A F-5, Harry says  
 IT WAS  
 My dream apt.  
 THOUGHT ABOUT



St. Barnabas on the Plaza Rex Baumgartner, Pastor  
 First Church Lutheran Saints  
 "The Biggest Little Church in Kansas"  
 101 S. McCormick (1 blk. N. of V.A. Hospital)  
 Alternator \$88 rubidix  
 Grill \$15  
 Rocker arms \$12 each  
 12 bond post  
 \$25  
 Mc-trax  
 1/2 joint \$7  
 Max (beats local)  
 \$14.50  
 Ring \$38 plus loan  
 Oil \$4.80/gal  
 Bortomera \$5?

AUGUST 2, 1979

Being in Love means...

...NOT GETTING MAD AT THE OTHER PERSON  
 EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO TURN ON THE TV CHANNEL  
 WITH A PAIR OF PLIERS WHEN THE KNOB IS  
 BROKEN BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO REPLACE  
 IT AND IT'S REAL HOT AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANY  
 AIR CONDITIONING.

Cohen's Golden Hanger  
 Formal Wear for Every Affair

DEPT. 022

CLASS 348  
 ITEM TUXEDO SIZE MED  
 STYLE RIVERBOAT FLORENTINE  
 RATE \$15.99/DAY

mom snapped this picture in the middle of the confusion just as I was trying to get ready. Dad loaned us their window air conditioner unit for the wedding night, but the freon was real low, so he had to work on it right up to the last second, but it still didn't work. Also, my dermatologist stitches got hair spray on them because the bandage was loose, so marla had to change it while I was trying to do my eyes. I never thought I would make it, but I did!!!

# The Wedding



✿ "The Shutterbug"

At first Gary thought it was the get-  
tor again, but it was just a belt.



✿ "The Shutterbug"

"With this ring I thee do wed" said  
the minister as Gary and I were  
both really nervous.



✿ "The Shutterbug"

Oh, Gary!



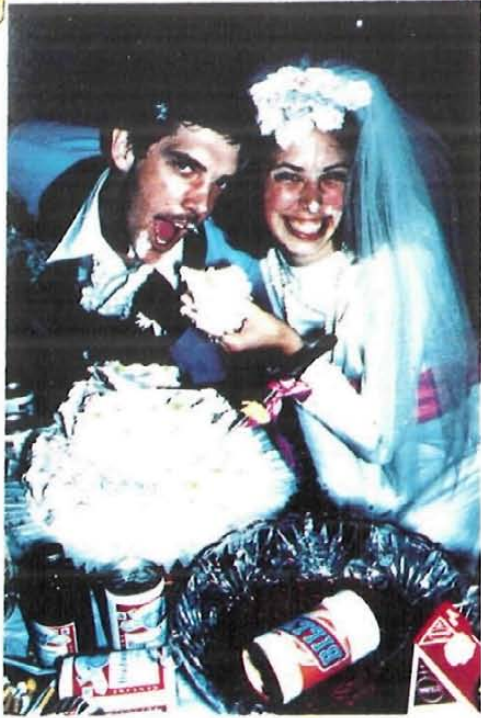
"You are now pronounced  
man and wife."



✿ "The Shutterbug"

Mom, dad, Reverend Baumgartner,  
Gary's step-mom, and Gary's dad pose  
for a group picture in front of the  
church just before the ceremony.

# The Reception



❁ "The Shutterbud"

Mary gets the traditional first piece.



❁ "The Shutterbud"

The food was out of this world!



❁ "The Shutterbud"

And the music was heavenly ~ with a little help from Reverend Baumgartner!



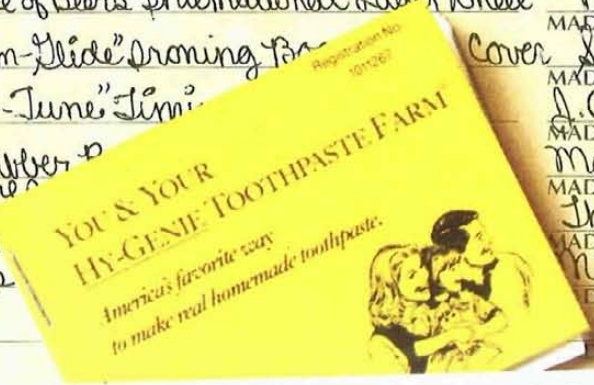
❁ "The Shutterbud"

We share a dance on our wedding night.



# Wedding Gifts

- |      |  |                        |                       |
|------|--|------------------------|-----------------------|
| GIFT | "Swiss Miss" Multi-Fork Fondue Set                       | Yodelmaster            | Marla Henderson       |
| GIFT | Money Order (\$15.00)                                    | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | Mix 'n' Match Fashion Extension Cord Set (Rainbow Pack)  | 7/11                   | Cunt Diane            |
| GIFT | Cup and Saucer - "Star Wars" - Every Day China           | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | "Margarine Blast" Nuclear Pop Corn                       | Volt-Age               | The Wright's          |
| GIFT | Baronial Dubloon Luncheon Fork                           | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | Souvenir Bean-Bag Dinette Set                            | Table-top Chinaware    | Claudia Henderson     |
| GIFT | Willie Nelsons "Best of..."                              | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | Drip 'n' Dip "Pride-o-the-pulp" Paper Cup Refills        | Micro-Beam             | The Thatcher's        |
| GIFT | 2 "Mangrove Choice" Rubber-Belted Plainwall Radial Tires | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | "League of Beers" International Beer Wheel               | Aero-Craft             | The Crowley's         |
| GIFT | "Steam-Slide" Ironing Board                              | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | "Pro-Tune" Timi  | Suffer Spring St. Park | Mom and Dad           |
| GIFT | 2 Rubber D   | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT | Pair Drip  | Columbia               | Michelle Boyle        |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT |  | M Lady                 | Poly Lynn Sturgis     |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT |  | Life Inventory King    | Mr. and Mrs. Stickers |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT |  | Not Sure               | Duane Ladlock         |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT |  | Cover Scorch King      | The Brenner's         |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT |  | J.C. Whitney           | The Squad             |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR SOLD BY        | FROM                  |
| GIFT |  | Mom                    |                       |
| GIFT |  | MADE OR                |                       |
| GIFT |  | The                    |                       |
| GIFT |  | MADE OF                |                       |
| GIFT |  | DE OF                  |                       |



## WARRANTY

### Cordless Butane Albacore Cozy

By Federal

Your Cordless Butane Albacore Cozy by Federal is the most popular gas-powered albacore warmer on the market today. guaranteed to keep albacore fresh and tender for up to twelve hours after it has been cooked. The Federal Corp. warrants your Albacore Cozy against all mechanical and material defects arising from manufacture, packaging, and shipment for one year, provided owner has operated the appliance according to instructions. **Warning:** Should chunks or strands of albacore become lodged against the inner casing, do not use silverware from the Aero-Craft Baronial Doubloon collection to remove them. These utensils will break apart under the heat and oftentimes emit toxic gases that may cause serious harm to the user. This warranty is automatically voided in such instances.

Model 50-D

**Don Johnson's**

**"Fightin' Lady" Jewelry Arcade**

*"Serving American servicemen for 25 years"*      1,000 meters from West Gate, Lackland AFB, Texas

---

**Certificate of Authenticity**

Be it known by this certificate that the below described gem purchased by the holder hereof is an authentic DIAMOND

certified by a licensed gemologist to be no less than (circle one) 5 10 25 50 carat with a minimum of (circle one) 5 10 25 50 flat edges carved on its surface.

**"Our Cupid Policy"**

Having been in the jewelry trade for 25 years, Don Johnson's Jewelry Arcade understands the embarrassing and sometimes damaging effect of presenting a wife or girl friend with an incorrectly identified gem. Therefore, if any party tenders genuine proof that your Jewelry Arcade jewel is not 100 percent authentic, we'll refund the difference between the price you paid and the fair market price of the substance you actually have.

*Be sure to clean gems regularly with Don Johnson's Gemdex Silicone Luster Fluid. Leaves a hard, long-lasting shine that's scuffproof, adds years to the life of your gem.*

# The Honeymoon



This is Lagenheimer's Lodge of Love in the "bewitching Ozarks" where we were supposed to spend our honeymoon except that something happened with the Arabs and the oil again and by the time we got to Arkansas there wasn't any gas not anywhere. We were lucky, though, I guess because the little town that we ran out in called Russellville was where a Fair was going on with prize hogs (hog or backs they call them) and a little ferris wheel so we had something we could do until we got some gas again.

# First Anniversary

We are in Kinkkale, Turkey now because Gary was transferred here, and Gary Michael will be 6 months in two days, however he has a hole in his heart and so we want to take him back to Nichita but the government keeps making us fill out new forms, probably because of all the money they had to spend on Gary when he hurt his back. Gary bought some Turkish donuts without holes for our anniversary, then we walked around the neighborhood and planned to visit Sgt. Burke whose also from Kansas and said he had a '73 Dart for sale. Our neighbor came by late and





## The KD-3100. A system like yours deserves engineering like this.

You can spend a fortune on electronics and speakers and still come up short on performance unless your turntable can keep up with the rest of your system. Unless it's engineered for light tracking and low resonance to deliver music free from howling, rumble or acoustic feedback.

Like the Kenwood KD-3100. A semi-automatic direct-drive turntable that combines impressive rotational accuracy with functional, easy-listening convenience. It's designed to get the most from any component music system.



Using our exclusive new brushless, coreless and slotless DC servo motor, Kenwood's engineers have eliminated the speed fluctuations, or "cogging," you get from conventional motors.

This cuts rumble to less than -71dB (DIN weighted).

We topped that off with a large, heavy-weight, high-inertia platter (220 kg-cm<sup>2</sup>) that maintains constant speed. So wow and flutter is reduced to an accurate 0.03% (WRMS).

Accurate is also the word that describes the KD-3100's



exclusive high precision tonearm suspension. It allows the cartridge to track the record grooves smoothly and precisely, without distortion or unwanted resonance.



And underneath it all is Kenwood's famous compression-molded resin-concrete base that virtually eliminates howling and acoustic feedback. It keeps things solid as a rock, so you can dance The Bounce without your cartridge doing The Shimmy.

If you still believe that performance and convenience can't fit in the same turntable, look again. The KD-3100's auto-return/cut mechanism uses a separate 12-pole motor to gently lift the tonearm and shut itself off at the end of the record, without affecting the performance of the main drive system. For more convenience, there's an illuminated stroboscope and a variable speed control with LED indicators. Plus front panel controls that

let you run the show even with the dust cover down. All this engineering can be yours for \$199.00.\* We think you deserve it.

 **KENWOOD**<sup>®</sup>

For the dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, P.O. Box 6213, Carson, CA 90749.

\*Nationally advertised value. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers. Cartridge optional. Dust cover included. In Canada: Magnasonic Canada, Ltd.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



# The Vantage Point

Where great taste and low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact'™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's



**NUTS**

REMEMBER HOW YOU HAD ALMOST NO SAY-SO OVER HOW YOUR LIFE WAS SET UP SINCE IT WAS SET UP BY GROWN-UPS WHO ARRANGED IT ALL FOR OTHER GROWN-UPS, WHICH SOMETIMES MADE IT TOUGH ON KIDS?

OH, BOY, SEEMS LIKE CAPTAIN SPACEMAN'S EVEN BETTER SINCE THEY CUT HIM DOWN TO ONE SHOW EACH WEEK!

...AND NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS, THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN SPACEMAN!!

MY GOSH, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEY ACTUALLY DESTROYED THE EVIL ROBOT KING!

YOU MAY HAVE FINISHED OFF THAT TIN MAN, BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT, RANDOR!

WOW. HE'S BEEN TRYING TO DO THAT FOR YEARS!

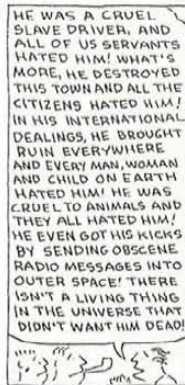
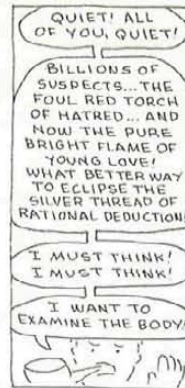
CONGRATULATIONS SPACEMAN—BY FINISHING OFF RANDOR AND HIS MERCURIAN EMPIRE YOU'VE MADE OUR SOLAR SYSTEM A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE IN!

THANK YOU, SIR, AND THANK YOU FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

...SO THIS WILL BE THE FINAL EPISODE OF CAPTAIN SPACEMAN, KIDS— BUT DO LISTEN NEXT MONDAY FOR THE GREAT NEW SERIES TO BE BROUGHT TO YOU BY POPPO CEREALS— "THE ADVENTURES OF NICK NATUREPERSON— STATE PARK WARDEN"!

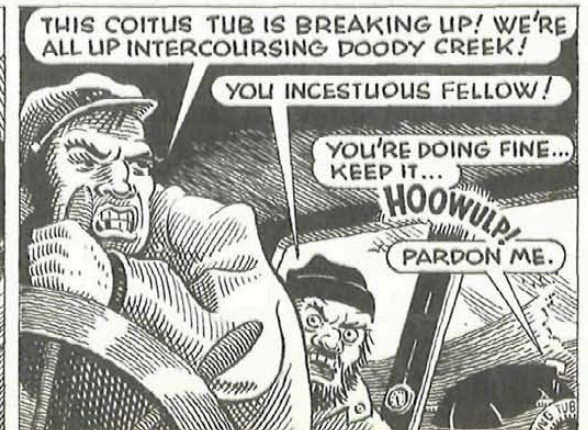
YOU CAN'T TRUST ANY OF THE BASTARDS FOR ANYTHING.

Graham Wilson  
©1979



POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



# IN SOMEONE ELSE'S HOUSE



Rick Geary © 1979



One evening I found myself alone in someone else's house.



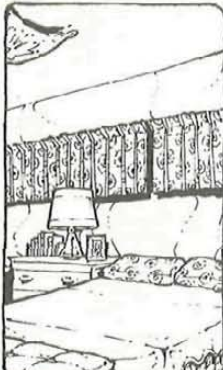
An adjustable lamp.



Odd odor in this room.



Dish of something in the kitchen.



Ooh! Hostile vibes in here.



Some items from the wastebaskets.



Bathroom sink -- yuck!



Oops! Looks like they're coming back.



'Bye!

## HANK TWO BEARS'S Advice to the Lovelorn



HALL & TUTTLE © 77

©copying mt. 1979

# 22 HOUSTON STREET

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FROM THE GOODS DIVISION OF NATIONAL LAMPOON.

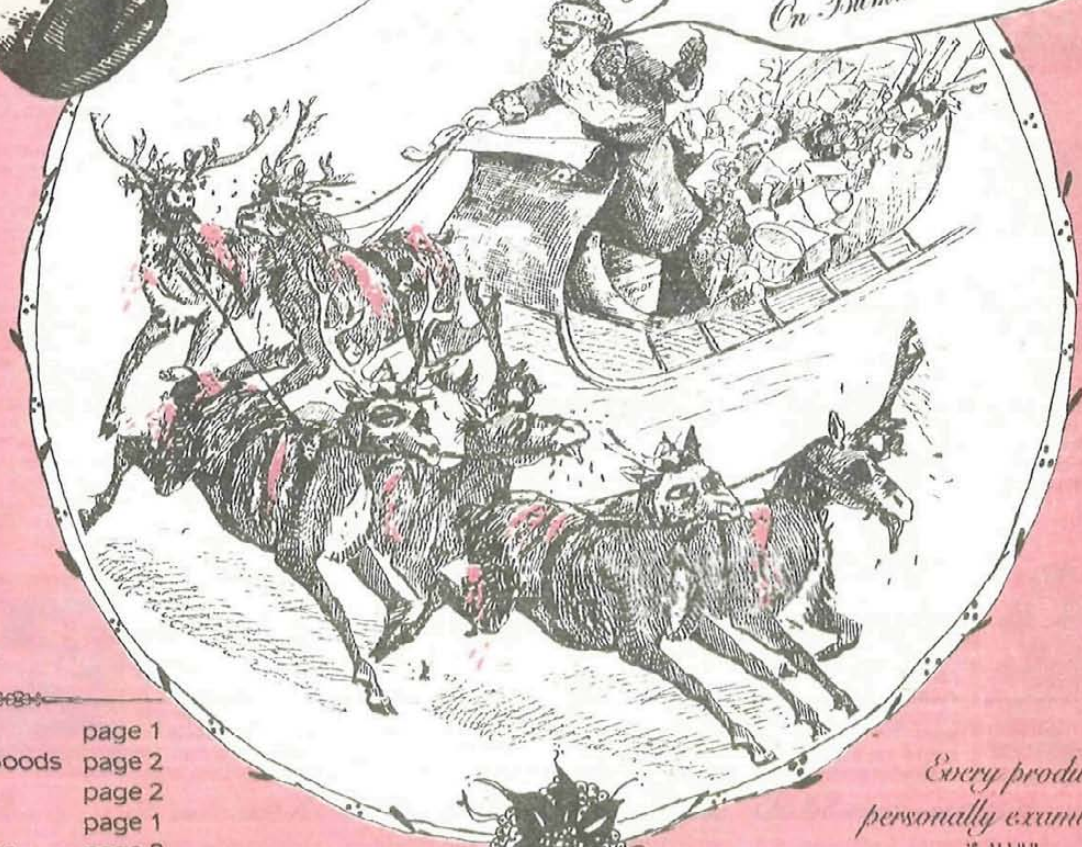


licensed for over-the-counter trading

"Fear not you'll get a fucking,  
these goods are top-rated!"  
—Commander Snot W. Goatlips

# NatLampCo. CHRISTMAS CATALOG 1979

*Cn. Slasher and Flasher!  
Cn. Pansy and Bitchin!  
Cn. Vomit! Cn. Stupid!  
Cn. Bummer and Nixon!*



Dry Goods	page 1
More Dry Goods	page 2
Sundries	page 2
Notions	page 1
Housewares	page 2
Novelties	page 3
Odds	page 1
Ends	page 3

*Every product  
personally examined by  
T. MAUD  
at his Madison Avenue office.*

## GIVE THE GIFT OF MERCHANDISE THIS CHRISTMAS



**National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt**  
A quality tailored product, one of our most famous, made up strictly in a high-grade manner. A favorite with professionals, it is easy to put on when going out-of-doors or to remove when entering the house.

(TS-1019).....\$3.95



**National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt**  
The amusing shirt favored by actors and artistes involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery, as the production is no longer.

(TS-1026).....\$4.95



**National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt**  
We have sold thousands of this very beautiful and finished garment. Shirt is durable and of superior value. Several worn above the other give the illusion of physique and muscularity.

(TS-1029).....\$4.95

**National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey**  
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon Black Sox*, yet it lacks the odor of use as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027).....\$6.00



**National Lampoon's Old-Style Animal House Baseball Jersey**  
Traditional style *Animal House* baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese.

(TS-1028).....\$6.00



**National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket**  
An attractive jacket carefully proportioned on scientific principle to cover the upper torso in a fashionable manner. A great favorite with baseball players, both gentlemen and ladies, and with those whose activities take them outdoors during the summer, spring, and fall seasons.

(TS-1030).....\$29.95



**National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey**  
This is a new product of great desirability. It has been fully tested for wearability and has proved to be of great merit. It is not available in any store or slaughterhouse.

(TS-1031).....\$6.00



**National Lampoon Hat**

One of the most select novelties of the season, this hat is a strictly high-grade item and should not be confused with similar items of central-African manufacture. To own one of these is to own a hat.

(TS-1032).....\$5.95

**National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody**  
The most clear example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the *High School Yearbook Parody*, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*. Profusely illustrated.



(BO-1021).....\$4.95



**National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody**  
This famous *National Lampoon* product has brought delight to millions with its humor and ability to convince relatives of its owner that the owner indeed attended a high school.

(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition.....\$4.95



**National Lampoon's Book of Books**  
Mr. Jeff Greenfield has fulfilled a great need for a book in which all other books are humorously synthesized. An appropriate guide to what goes on between the covers of less interesting books.

(BO-1031).....\$8.95



**National Lampoon's Animal House Book**  
Tells the story of *National Lampoon's Animal House*, the cinematographic spectacle. Illustrated with etchings and risqué photographic impressions. Not sold to ma-houts or others who work with pachyderms.

(BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95



**That's Not Funny, That's Sick!**  
This is the phonograph album that sets all France upon its ear. It has been awarded prizes at many phonographic expositions. Own it with pride.

(A-1001).....\$6.95

**The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon**  
Another quality phonograph product so funny is this that the people of Philadelphia wish it to run for mayor of their city!



(A-1002).....\$7.95

**The Best of National Lampoon #3**  
Much sought by collectors, this quality item contains humor from the years 1971-1972, and a copy is held as the jewel of the collection by Prince Louis Battenberg-Guernsey. (BO-1003) \$2.50

**The Best of National Lampoon #4**  
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1973-1974 were vintage years for the humor crop. Some of the great jokes in this fine volume are only now just reaching the fullness of their maturity. (BO-1008) \$2.50

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Contains the best humor entire of the years 1975-1976. Some of the guffaws in here have been classified as sizable by men who build large ships. (BO-1014) \$2.50

cently published, this collection is held by professors and the clergy to be the epitome of humor collections. (BO-1025) \$3.95

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Ribaldries, drolleries, and everything you need to perform the natural functions, with the exception of toiletries. (BO-1018) \$2.50

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The most complete and authentic collection of cartoons ever published. (BO-1012) \$2.50

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# TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor

SUDDENLY...

MAURICE, NOW BEING A SCOUT, FINDS NEW STRENGTH AND CONFIDENCE. THIS NEW ATTITUDE PROMPTS HIM TO CONVINCHE HIS FRIEND CONSTABLE TOM TO JOIN HIM IN AN OVER-NIGHT HIKE INTO THE BRUSH. WE JOIN THEM AS WE HEAR MAURICE SAY...



BOY, DIS IS DA LIFE, EH, CONSTABLE TOM? OUT 'ERE IN DA WOODS WIT BIRDS AND...

MOAN...



EH! LOOK DERE! ANODDER GUY IS OUD 'ERE.



WHAT'S DA MATTER DERE, MISTER?

I SEEM TO HAVE SPRAINED MY ANKLE.



UH-OH! DAT LOOKS SERIOUS! WE BETTER GIVE YOU FIRST AID.

NO, REALLY. IF YOU COULD JUST...



WE GOT A RED ALERT, CONSTABLE TOM! YOU LIE BACK, MISTER, AND DONT WORRY, IM A BOY SCOUT!

REALLY-I...



WITH THE HELP OF CONSTABLE TOM, MAURICE FASHIONS A STRETCHER FROM WOOD AND TWINE.

DAT SHOULD DOIT, WE BETTER 'URRY AND GET 'IM TO DR. ROGERS. DIS GUYS IN TROUBLE!

WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ME DOWN! I'LL BE FINE!



SENSING THE URGENCY OF THE SITUATION, MAURICE AND CONSTABLE TOM WASTE NO TIME.

I INSIST I'M ALL RIGHT, NOW LET...

WATCH DIS BRANCH!

BONK!



ACROSS RIVERS AND STREAMS THEY MARCH.

BOY! DIS WATER IS DEEP.



EVEN STEEP RAVINES DONT STAND IN THEIR WAY.

OKAY...! BOMBS AWAY!

NO!

AAAAAH!

THOOMP!



MOMENTS LATER.

ONE, TWO, TREE, PULL!

BUMP KNOCK



ONWARD THEY MARCH.

WHEW! DIS SCOUT BUSINESS IS 'ARD, BUT WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO 'OME, EH?

TURN ME OVER.



HOURS LATER.

DR. ROGERS, 'URRY! DERE'S A GUY READY TO CROAK!



DR. ROGERS HURRIES TO THE SCENE.

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU BROUGHT HIM IN WHEN YOU DID. THIS MAN IS AT DEATH'S DOOR.

DAT'S WHAT I TOUGHT.



REMEMBER! BEING A SCOUT IS MORE THAN A JOB, IT'S AN ADVENTURE.



Discover  
**Arctic Lights**  
—more menthol refreshment than  
any other low 'tar' cigarette.

Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low 'tar' menthol cigarette.

You see, while the filter holds back 'tar,'

the unique new ARCTIC LIGHTS menthol blend comes right through. Result? You get the iciest, brightest taste in menthol smoking—puff after puff. Light up your first ARCTIC LIGHTS. **You just won't believe it's a low 'tar' menthol.**

**Arctic Lights: Kings & 100's**

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# The secret to buying a loudspeaker is to keep your ears open and your eyes closed.

You're at any hi-fi dealer in Anycity USA. And you're staring at the lineup: Boxes. Big, little. Tall, short. Brown, black.

The sales man's telling you one thing. The fact sheets are telling you another. Your mind is going blank and your pocketbook is crying out for help.

Congratulations. You're buying a loudspeaker.

**You can't play a spec sheet.** Stop. Put down your engineering reports. Set aside your biases. (That big-name, big-price loudspeaker may very well be just the thing you're not looking for.)

Now find a quiet demonstration room with an "A/B board," a selector panel that consists of a series of buttons that activate a series of loudspeakers.

Here you can compare the

*sound* of one speaker to the *sound* of another. It's sound that really counts. And it's a matter of opinion: yours.

## A/B and see.

Ultralinear has a sound that's different than most. It's not shy. It's clear, clean and very strong. If there was ever a loudspeaker built for the vibrant, exciting flavor of today's music, it's got to be Ultralinear.

And we're happy to say that people seem to agree. We've found that when people close their eyes, open their ears, and really listen, they generally like The Ultralinear Sound best.

And when they open their eyes and discover a price that's often *half* the competition's, we're even happier.

Because we've made a sale.



## Get The Ultralinear Sound.

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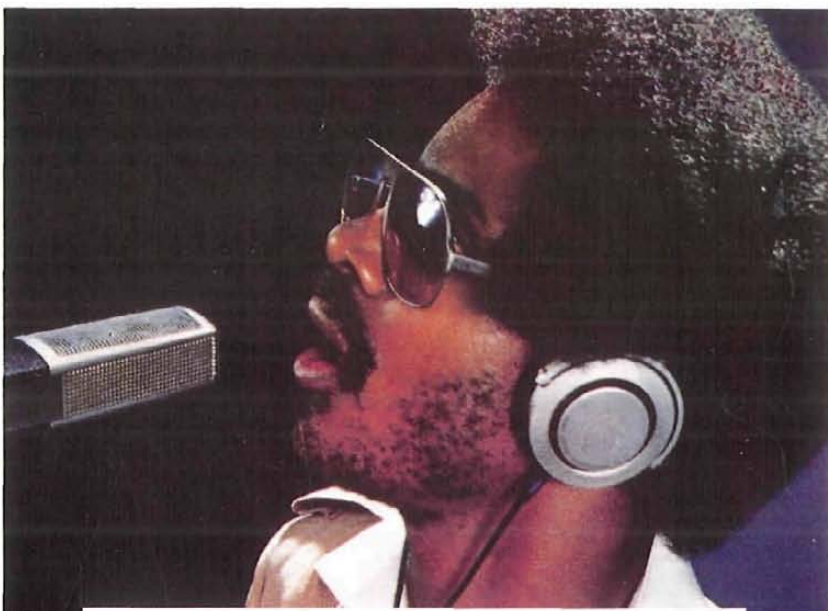
## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 55

younger, who were in love with her. Some of them had slept with her once, some not at all; a few of them had lived with her for weeks or months. There must have been a dozen of them, all met separately and all by accident. I was drinking a lot again, as I had the winter before. The winters are gray and wet and depressing in Baltimore, and I was going from one to another of that city's ten thousand bars, falling into chance conversations and sometimes talking for hours with people I never saw again. These men who were in love with Vicky were of no particular type. They were predominantly reasonable looking; none of us was outright ugly, but that was the only similarity. From them I received the most remarkable and varied accounts of her character.

Two or three said she was absolutely the best, the most uninhibited and inventive girl they had ever been to bed with, and one or maybe two said she was the, or nearly the, dumbest fuck they'd ever had. One guy, a self-proclaimed male witch, told me that she was the most ethereal, spiritually minded person he had ever met, with a frightening clairvoyance. Another, a minor-league baseball player, said she had a nearly encyclopedic knowledge of professional sports. An out-of-work dog barber told me she had an incredible hand with all kinds of animals, while a part-time taxi driver said that one of her fundamental attractions for him had been that she shared his loathing for all small furry live things—an unusual trait in a woman, he said, not counting rats and mice. A nickle-bag grass dealer called her appetite for drugs insatiable, and a guy who meditated claimed she'd never touched drugs in her life. So much I could more or less accept. Human behavior is far more protean than anyone who hasn't spent half his life in bars would ever suspect. But I also heard her described as scintillating, morose, domineering, masochistic, bubbly, lethargic, indefatigable, square, exotic, politically conservative, stupid, a genius, sixteen, nearly thirty, naïf, cynical, illiterate, and speaking three languages. And almost none of this had I ever seen in her. But there was no mistaking that we discussed the same woman, and each person agreed upon two points—her underlying serenity, and the fact that it was exceedingly difficult to remember verbatim any expression of thought or opinion that

continued on page 87



## When music is part of your life...TDK's a part of your music

Stevie Wonder's life revolves around music. Almost two decades of stardom have yielded a lifetime of experiences—reflected in the music through which Stevie Wonder contributes much happiness to our lives.

TDK hopes its quality cassettes also contribute to the richness of life. By faithfully recording music and enabling it to be enjoyed wherever people are listening. A TDK cassette means

quality... precision... reliability. Things that mean a lot at those moments you enjoy your music.

TDK's D cassette is made for those moments. It's surprisingly economical, yet it provides clean, beautiful music from any portable, car cassette or mid-priced home deck.

If music's as important to you as it is to Stevie Wonder, you'll record it on TDK cassettes.



# TDK

## The Amazing Music Machine

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TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

# The car stereo buyer's guide to the Audiovox range\* of sound systems for 1980:



**Model DGC-20**  
Electronic Tuning AM/FM  
Stereo radio with Cassette player  
and Quartz Clock



**Model DGC-10**  
Digital Display AM/FM/Stereo  
radio with Cassette player and  
Quartz Clock/Calendar



**Model CAS-600A**  
Super Power Stereo Cassette  
player with AM/FM/Stereo  
radio. Dolby<sup>®</sup>. 40 Watt output



**Model TPB-4000**  
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AM/FM/Stereo pushbutton  
radio. 40 Watt output



**Model CP-750**  
Stereo Cassette player with  
pushbutton AM/FM/Stereo  
radio. 4-Way balance



**Model ID-900**  
Digital Display AM/FM/Stereo  
radio with Cassette player and  
Quartz Clock



**Model ID-800**  
Digital Display AM/FM/Stereo  
radio with 8-Track player and  
Quartz Clock



**Model ID-675**  
Super Power Stereo Cassette  
player with AM/FM/Stereo  
radio. 40 Watt output



**Model ID-625**  
Auto-Reverse Stereo Cassette  
player with AM/FM/Stereo  
radio. 4-Way balance



**Model ID-500E**  
8-Track Stereo Tape player with  
Pushbutton AM/FM/Stereo  
radio. 4-Way balance



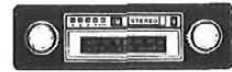
**Model ID-725**  
Stereo Cassette player with Push-  
button AM/FM/Stereo radio.  
4-Way balance



**Model ID-605**  
Stereo Cassette player with AM/  
FM/Stereo radio. "500" Nose-  
piece for Import Cars



**Model ID-610**  
Stereo Cassette player with AM/  
FM/Stereo radio. Locking  
cassette controls



**Model C-977A**  
8-Track Stereo Tape player with  
AM/FM/Stereo radio. Special  
4 1/2" deep chassis



**Model ID-600C**  
Stereo Cassette with  
AM/FM/Stereo radio. Locking  
cassette Fast-Fwd. control



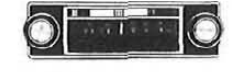
**Model ID-400C**  
8-Track Stereo Tape player with  
AM/FM/Stereo radio. 105mm  
Nosepiece. Track lights



**Model ID-300B**  
AM/FM/Stereo Pushbutton  
Tuning radio. Stereo Balance  
control. Slide-Bar band selector



**Model C-575C**  
Pushbutton Tuning AM/FM  
Stereo radio with "500" nose-  
piece designed for Import Cars



**Model ID-200B**  
Pushbutton Tuning AM/FM  
radio with Slide-Bar AM-FM  
Band selector. 4 1/2" deep chassis



**Model C-506B**  
AM/FM Pushbutton Tuning  
radio with "500" nosepiece  
designed for Import Cars



**Model ID-100B**  
Pushbutton Tuning AM radio  
with illuminated Slide-Rule dial.  
4 1/2" deep chassis



**Model C-406**  
AM Pushbutton Tuning radio.  
Full-range tone control. "500"  
Nosepiece for Import Cars



**Model UC-20**  
Underdash Stereo Cassette player  
with FM Stereo radio. F.Fwd/  
Rewind/Eject cassette control



**Model UT-30**  
Mini Underdash 8-Track Stereo Tape  
player with FM Stereo radio.  
Slide-Bar controls. Track lights



**Model C-981A**  
Auto-Reverse Stereo Cassette  
player with F.Fwd/Rewind/  
Eject. Under dash installation



**Model C-988**  
Underdash Stereo Cassette  
player with Slide-Bar controls.  
Auto-Manual cassette eject



**Model C-911A**  
8-Track Underdash Stereo Tape  
player with Locking Fast-For-  
ward control. Track lights



**Model C-905**  
Underdash 8-Track Stereo Tape  
player. Super compact size.  
Track lights. Slide controls



**Model UC-10**  
Mini Underdash Stereo Cassette  
Player with locking Fast-for-  
ward control. Pushbutton eject



**Model C-902A**  
Underdash 8-Track Stereo Tape  
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Channel lights. Compact size

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*Audiovox autosound systems are designed and developed  
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\* Because of space limitations, we illustrated only 30 models. Audiovox has 109 more  
plus 77 car speakers and a full line of auto sound accessories.

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## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 85

she had ever made to us. It was like dialogue in a dream, or, more so, like a printed page in a dream, which is a dream that I have often had, a dream that I am reading a printed page and understanding it but the words are a sort of printer's Greeking of the mind. So are Vicky's words, trying to remember them.

And all this perplexed me. And then in the spring of 1971 I met a girl who had grown up with Vicky and gone to school with her, who had known her since she was nine or ten and knew her still, though she hadn't seen or heard from her in a couple of years. What had Vicky been like? I wanted to know. "It's hard to explain," said the girl. You know, I said, I kind of had a thing for her there, for a while. "Yeah," she said.

It seems that Vicky was born the daughter of a prosperous, even wealthy, boatyard owner in Annapolis. There was one other child, a brother of no interest. Vicky, as a little girl, was very pretty, very bright and good-natured. To all appearances her parents were happily married, and theirs seemed a normal, cheerful, well-favored family. However, some time in 1959, Mr. Lewis had a brief clandestine extramarital fling. Very brief, indeed, limited, according to town gossip, to a single act of sexual congress. Two years later, just as Vicky was entering high school, Mrs. Lewis somehow discovered, or was told about, or extracted a confession to, this peccadillo. Without warning, in the middle of a September afternoon, she packed two suitcases and walked out on husband, home, and kids. She never returned, and no one ever found out where she went. Vicky's dad began to drink. He let the business slide, and by the end of her freshman year he was bankrupt. Shortly after, he too disappeared—by drowning himself in Chesapeake Bay, some people thought. The family had no close relatives. The older brother enlisted in the air force, sending a postcard back every six months or so, and Vicky was reluctantly taken in by a distant cousin and his wife. These people were poor and had little children of their own and didn't pay much attention to her. It was then, said this girl, that a certain—she didn't know how to describe it—a certain vagueness in Vicky began. Her grades were still good, and she still dated and saw all her friends, but more and more often it was like she just wasn't really

there. That winter, when she was fifteen, she became pregnant, successfully concealing it until school was out and until, it seems, she was within a month or so of delivery (I don't know how that could have been, but this is what I was told). Then one day in July she slipped on a curbstone and fell and gave premature birth to a stillborn girl. There was considerable scandal, but she returned to school in the fall and made neither secret of, nor comment upon, what had happened. It was thought that she became pregnant again that year—a change in her shape seemed to indicate it—but this fecund swelling disappeared over the Christmas holidays. At any rate, she certainly became pregnant her senior year, and, still not eighteen, she was placed in a home by the juvenile authorities, and the baby, live this time and again a girl, was put up for adoption. After that, Vicky did not return to high school; she drifted away from Annapolis and had been seen by this friend only a few times since.

The next August, I was doing some carpentry work on an old house in downtown Baltimore, and I was taking a break, having a beer, when Vicky walked in. She was back in Annapolis, she made me understand, though back from where I do not know, and she was three months pregnant. Now I don't like children, not at all, and I'm not a domestic person, but my heart melted. And I had this euphoric vision of a son, a bright child but well-mannered, who loved books and poems and such as much as I did, and art and music as well, but who was robust and outdoorsy in a way I never was, with a facility for sports and games I never had, whom I could teach to hunt and fish and sail and everything else I'd never had a chance to learn; and a hundred other mawkish things ran through my mind. It was a feeling I had never had before, nor since, not even a tingle of it. But I had it for that one minute, and its emotional afterglow, like the tail of a comet, would trail across the next six months. Vicky was very pleased about her pregnancy, and I began going to Annapolis where she was living in another one of her simple environments, a little house this time with a garden in the back. And we made very tender love, and I tried to have her marry me, but she would slide away from the subject. I couldn't leave my job to go to Annapolis, and I could hardly ask her, just then, to move to the Baltimore slums. And so it went, nothing happening except to

# Some men have it.

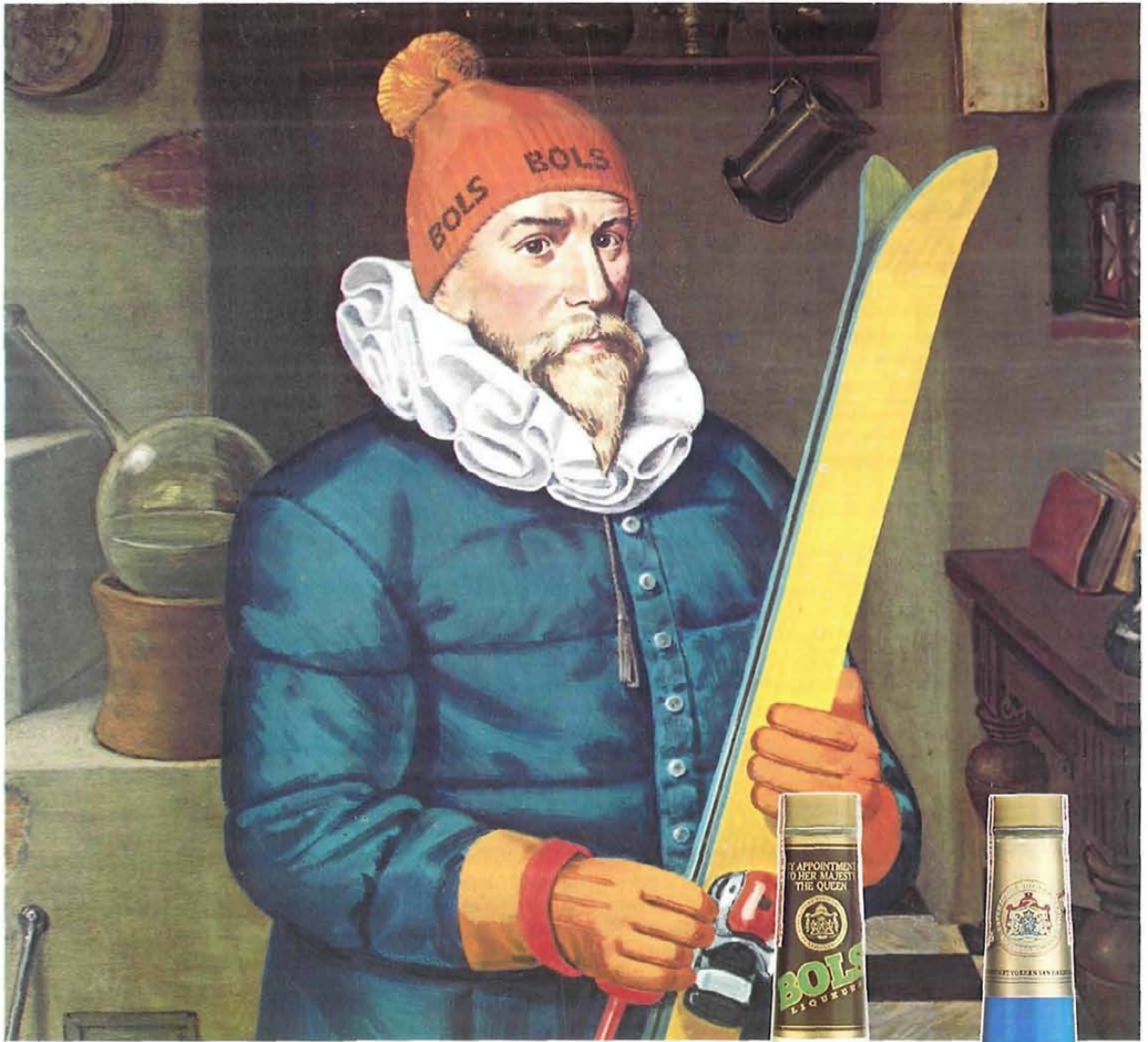


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continued on page 89



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## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 87

her breasts and stomach. Though, one night when I was there, some guy came to visit, and it was clear that she wanted to talk to him alone, so I went out and sat in the garden and had a can of beer and waited and waited for him to leave. After two hours or so, I went back inside, and he had left all right, and so had she. She didn't come back that night, and she didn't come back the next day, and finally I had to leave and went back to Baltimore sick and angry and hurt. I didn't see her again for two weeks, but when I did, the best I could get in the way of an apology was, as always, just a half-shamefaced, half-mischievous look, as though, yes, she had been bad, but only by my very peculiar standards.

At the end of October, I gave up again and moved to New York on the promise of some magazine work there. Vicky came to visit me once in January, very large by then, and even though my job had not turned out to be much and I was broke and living in a slum even worse than the one in Baltimore, I made one more attempt to get her to stay and marry me. She just shook her head, but so slowly that at first I thought she was looking for something in the room.

The child was born a month later, a girl she named Shunyata, which is a Sanskrit word meaning "the doctrine of voidness," which is a precept set forth in a Buddhist scripture, the *Diamond Sutra*: "...that truth is uncontainable and inexpressible. It neither is nor is it not," which means I don't know what.

I visited Vicky in May. She was a beatific mother; and Shunyata was a beatific child, but a very quiet one who hardly seemed to move or cry, and when I looked into its face, I thought I saw that serenity of Vicky's amplified to an appalling degree. That baby shook my nerve. I went away that evening. It was the first time that Vicky and I had been in private and did not fuck. I didn't see her again for almost four months, until September 1972, when I had become very lonely for her and had caught myself thinking about her more and more often. So I got a ride to Baltimore with a friend and called her in Annapolis at about midnight. No one answered, which, though Vicky had said she'd be waiting for me, should have been no surprise. But I was worried—I didn't know why—and I kept calling until four the next morning. And then I


slept, but I didn't sleep well, and I was up at nine calling again. It was her brother who answered the phone. "Shunyata died," he said. "I'm trying to get a funeral together."

I took a car from somebody and drove there. Vicky was in her house with some friends and the brother. Shunyata had stopped breathing during the night and had been taken to the hospital; her body was still there. The brother and I went to a funeral home. We borrowed some money somewhere and made the arrangements. He was unemployed, stupid, and bore no visible kinship to Vicky.

She was paralytic. She would not speak or move. When everyone had left, I picked her up and, holding her on my lap, rocked her back and forth—something that she had always liked me to do before, almost as a joke. Later I put her on the bed and she got undressed, only half rising, laying down again on her side on top of the sheets. And I lay down in my clothes, beside and behind her, spoon style, and put my arms around her thin chest. We lay like that for nearly an hour. I thought she was asleep. And then, so gradually that at first I did not perceive it, she began to press back against me, her naked but-

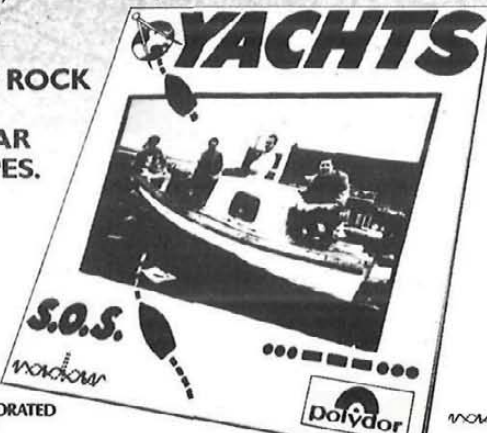
continued on page 96

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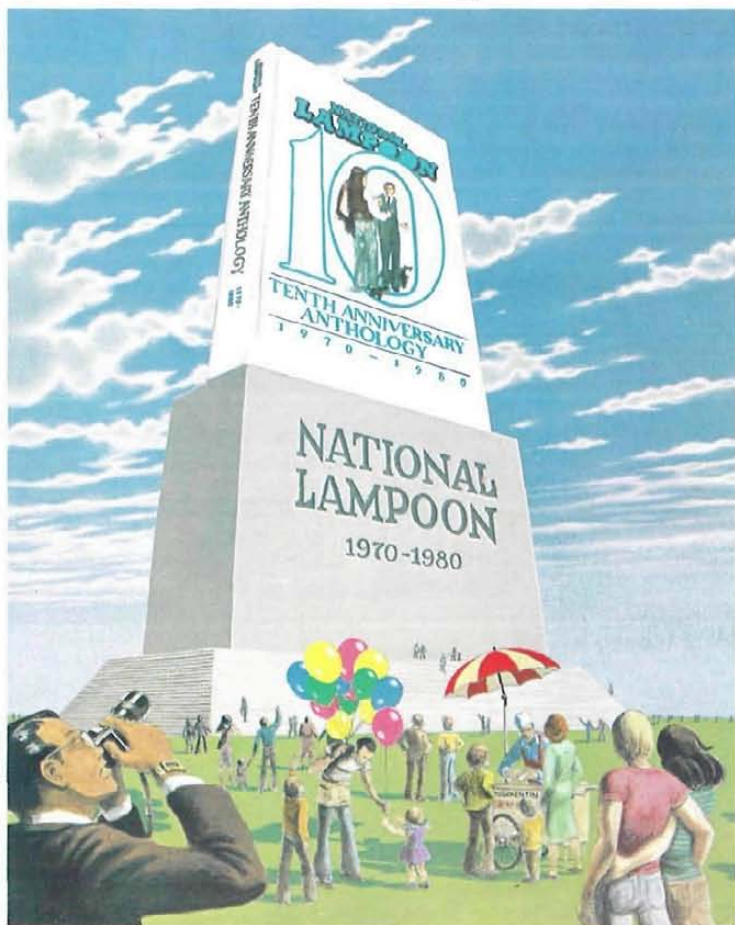


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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• Banco Real, a banking organization in Sao Paulo, Brazil, promised to apologize to the city's Jewish community for commercials the company aired during a recent telecast of "Holocaust." In an effort to create a tie-in between its ads and the theme of the program, Banco Real ran film clips of Hitler haranguing millions of Nazis during World War II. According to a bank spokesman, Banco Real was attempting "to show that you need life insurance, because you never know what is going to happen to you." *Boston Globe* (contributed by Andrew Derby)

• Eight members of a religious cult in Papua, New Guinea, were questioned by police regarding possible violations of a law prohibiting the dissemination of "false rumors likely to cause unrest." The group had constructed a "telephone line" from 400 yards of cane, linking their headquarters with a sacred tree trunk. They believed the tree harbored ancestral spirits, and proper connections made via the cane line would cause the spirits to transmit great sums of money back through the telephone to headquarters. Police found the room crammed with empty sacks that the cultists intended to place at the mouth of their phone. *Honolulu Advertiser* (contributed by Erick Hughes)

• An eighty-four-year-old invalid widow, Kate Willets, was beaten to death in Wolverhampton, England, by two boys, aged four and six. In a signed confession, the youngsters claimed Mrs. Willets had given one of

them eighteen cents to buy ice cream. The other became angry when he did not receive a similar gift, and subsequently began pummeling the woman with a concrete block. Immune from prosecution, the boys were released to the custody of their parents. One mother has complained, however: she cannot prevent other children in the neighborhood from shouting taunts of "killer" and "murderer" at her son whenever he plays outside. (contributed by Vernon Smith)

• Virginia Annable owned a 1966 Volkswagen valued at \$200. It was stolen from her place of employment in Brookhaven, New York, driven three-quarters of a mile onto a frozen bay, and burned. By the time Annable could locate her car, it had drifted off on a large ice

floe and eventually sunk to the bottom of the bay. The Army Corps of Engineers informed Annable that the VW is a navigational hazard and that she is obligated to retrieve it at her own expense: at least \$1,000. Annable's insurance did not cover a loss of this type, and if she fails to remove her vehicle, the Coast Guard will place a buoy over it and bill her \$200 plus \$30 dollars a month, presumably forever. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Bruce Mocking)

• Mrs. Amelia Roybal opened the door to her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to call her dog, when a monkey of unknown origin rushed in and began leaping around her living room. Shortly thereafter, the monkey drank a can of cleaning fluid, a bottle of hand lotion, and some of Mrs. Roybal's

eye medicine, causing it to become loud and uncontrollable. When Mr. Roybal attempted to take the bottles away, the irate animal retaliated by throwing cooking pans and china, unplugging the television, spinning knobs on the dishwasher, and chewing up a bowl of plastic fruit. The monkey later assaulted police with oranges and potatoes, and bit the Roybal's thirteen-year-old son on the back. *AP* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

• Pierre Beaumard, a Frenchman suffering from an inability to relate to other people and from various obsessional fears, attended a therapy group where the psychotherapist encouraged Beaumard to sandwich himself between two mattresses while other members walked over him to "stamp out his complexes." After several minutes of this treatment, Beaumard was crushed to death. *Reuters* (contributed by Martin Livingston)

• Barbara Avery, a teenage mother from Chicago, was invited to attend a birthday celebration in her honor. After trying unsuccessfully to obtain a baby-sitter for her small infant, Barbara opened the chute to an incinerator-compactor in her home, deposited the baby, turned on the machine, and drove to the party. *AP*

• A Philippino baker went berserk, stabbing five co-workers to death with a pair of knives and wounding seven others. He then took his own life by diving into a rotating flour mixer. *Reuters*

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD, FOREVER.



This ad appeared in the April/May issue of *Bride magazine*. Take your pick.

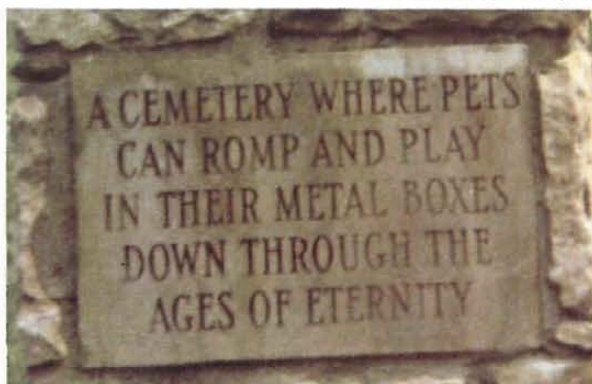
# What's Your Sign? Reader's Page



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*Mike Snyder, Brookville, Pa.*



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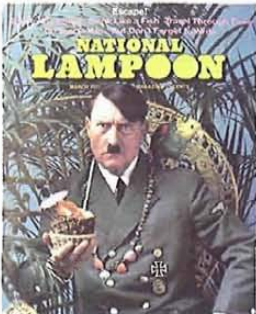
*Doug Smith, Port Washington, Wis.*



*Tom McCaffery, Broomall, Pa.*



# A MILESTONE IN THE HISTORY OF CALENDAR MAKING

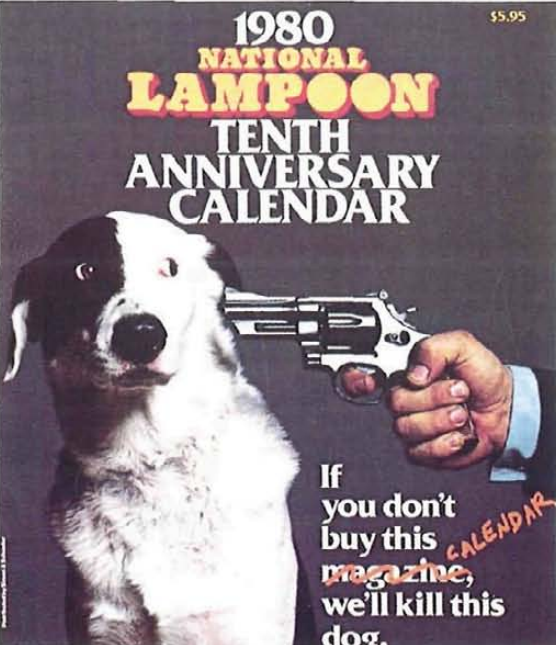


**NATIONAL LAMPOON**

february

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**NATIONAL LAMPOON**

june

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## 1980 NATIONAL LAMPOON TENTH ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR

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What makes the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar* so unique, so revolutionary? The addition of a thirteenth month, perhaps? A couple of extra weeks at Christmas? One or two more Sundays during football season? Not a bit of it, my friends. What sets the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar* apart from all its fusty, papish predecessors is, quite simply, jokes.

Yes, jokes! We chal-

lenge you to scan the calendars of ancient cultures and of bygone eras—the Julian calendar of the Roman Empire or the pre-Columbian calendar of the mystic Mayans. No jibes, no japes, not so much as one good belly laugh. Dull stuff, indeed. Not so the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar!*

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## OBSESSIVE LOVE

continued from page 89

tocks spreading across the front of my pants, and in spite of myself I began to get erect. One of her hands moved over her own belly and onto my hip, and then there was just one fingertip inside the waistband of my jeans. I got up and took off my clothes and got back on the bed. She did not look at me but lifted her hand up and cupped my testicles. I put my hand on the point of her shoulder to motion her over on her stomach because I did not want to see her face. But she rolled the other way and spread her legs out, her knees a little raised, and I entered her. And when I looked into her eyes I was terrified. Whatever I had wanted I had seen in Vicky Lewis, and just then I wanted nothing and nothing was what I saw. My cock felt as though it had gone soft, but it hadn't. I don't know how I finished what I did, but I did finish it, and then I fell asleep on top of her, her vagina still around me.

The funeral was at noon the next day. Or, there was no funeral, just the smallest mortuary viewing room with a few cheap bouquets and the baby's coffin on a folding metal stand against one wall. Shunyata was laid down flat but with her arms drawn up toward her face and her upper lip curled back to reveal the beginnings of her

milk teeth. It was the grimace of a dead rabbit. Vicky picked the floral arrangements apart and tucked wilted blooms around the baby's head and stuck one flower stem in each tiny fist. The effect was, well, stupid. Some of Vicky's friends milled around, not knowing what to do, and after twenty minutes or so, a burly assistant funeral director came in. The casket seemed to be cardboard, lined with a sort of pleated bed-sheet cotton and covered on the outside with cheap white satin, button tufted in the manner of hot-rod upholstery and already looking soiled. There were two metal clasps on the side, like clips on a lunch-bucket lid. The assistant funeral director closed the coffin and snapped these clasps shut with a flick of his thumbs, picked the box up under one arm, walked outside, opened the door of a five-or-six-year-old green Cadillac sedan, and stuck the thing on the passenger's side of the front seat. Then he started for the cemetery. I followed him, with Vicky, in the car I'd borrowed.

It didn't seem to me that there had been many people in the mortuary, but now there was an enormous funeral procession, certainly fifty vehicles: battered pickup trucks; Volkswagen minibuses covered in brush-painted peace signs, yin-yang

swirls, and decorative cuneiforms; rotted-out Volkswagens; shabby vans with home-cut skylights and welded stovepipes hanging off them; a primed street rod or two; several chopped motorcycles; and a school bus converted into a sort of travel home. The cemetery was new; there were no more than five graves in it, and these as yet without marker stones. Only a cheap and elaborate wrought-iron gateway, standing alone without a fence, told it from the site of a future shopping center. And one of these had already gone up across the road. The grave was dug, but there was no apparatus for lowering the tiny coffin, so this was set, without ceremony and somewhat out of plumb, on top of the pile of dirt. There was no shade. There were no shadows. The sun was directly overhead and blinding. Standing around in a half circle were more than a hundred sweating examples of the flotsam and jetsam of my generation, most of them men, their long hair slicked down with water. They had all tried, somehow, to dress themselves for the occasion, mostly resorting to the cast-off tab-collar shirts, skinny ties, and narrow-lapel sport coats they'd worn in high school. The effect, looking back, was not dissimilar to a convention of new-wave rock bands.

I don't know where the minister

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IN THE DECEMBER NATIONAL LAMPOON

came from. He was a big, young, fat-faced, red-faced Baptist of the most inexpensive sort, in a shiny black suit and a clip-on acrylic necktie with a knot the size of a man's fist. He used a kind of Baptist burial office that seemed like it had been translated by some idiot from the *Book of Common Prayer* into Afghani and back: "The Lord said He's the resurrection and He's what being alive is, and anybody who believes that is alive too even if he died. Little Shunyata didn't bring anything into the world and didn't take anything out. The Lord gave and the Lord took. The Lord was little Shunyata's shepherd. He fed her in a green pasture and led her to clean water. And although she walked through the shadow of death, little

Shunyata wasn't scared because she had the Lord with her and was comforted with His rod and staff..." And so on, except that each time he came to the name Shunyata, he'd pause and puff and his face would get even redder. It was beyond his capacity of pronunciation. He would swell up with a hissing shhhhhhhh, stumble across *un*, and then something very like the opposite of stuttering would happen and he'd blurt out a toy-gun burst of *yatta-ata-ata-ata-ata* until he caught himself and went on to the next word. I think all this was supposed to be followed by a brief Buddhist prayer, but I don't believe that happened. After what seemed like a suitable number of amens and moments of silent meditation, we just wandered away.

I had to return the car. I took Vicky back to her house. I made one last-ditch try to get her to come with me, to marry me. She might be pregnant already, I said. But she didn't answer.

I never saw her again, although I spoke to her once. I went back to New York and wrote her some letters. They were returned by the post office.

Somebody told me that they had heard she'd taken off for Florida, hitchhiking.

I began, at last, that winter, to make some money. I moved into a bigger apartment in a better part of town, and I got a phone. The number was unlisted, but Vicky called me one night, almost three years to the day from when I'd first seen her. She was living in Wyandotte, Michigan, with a man who sold cars. □



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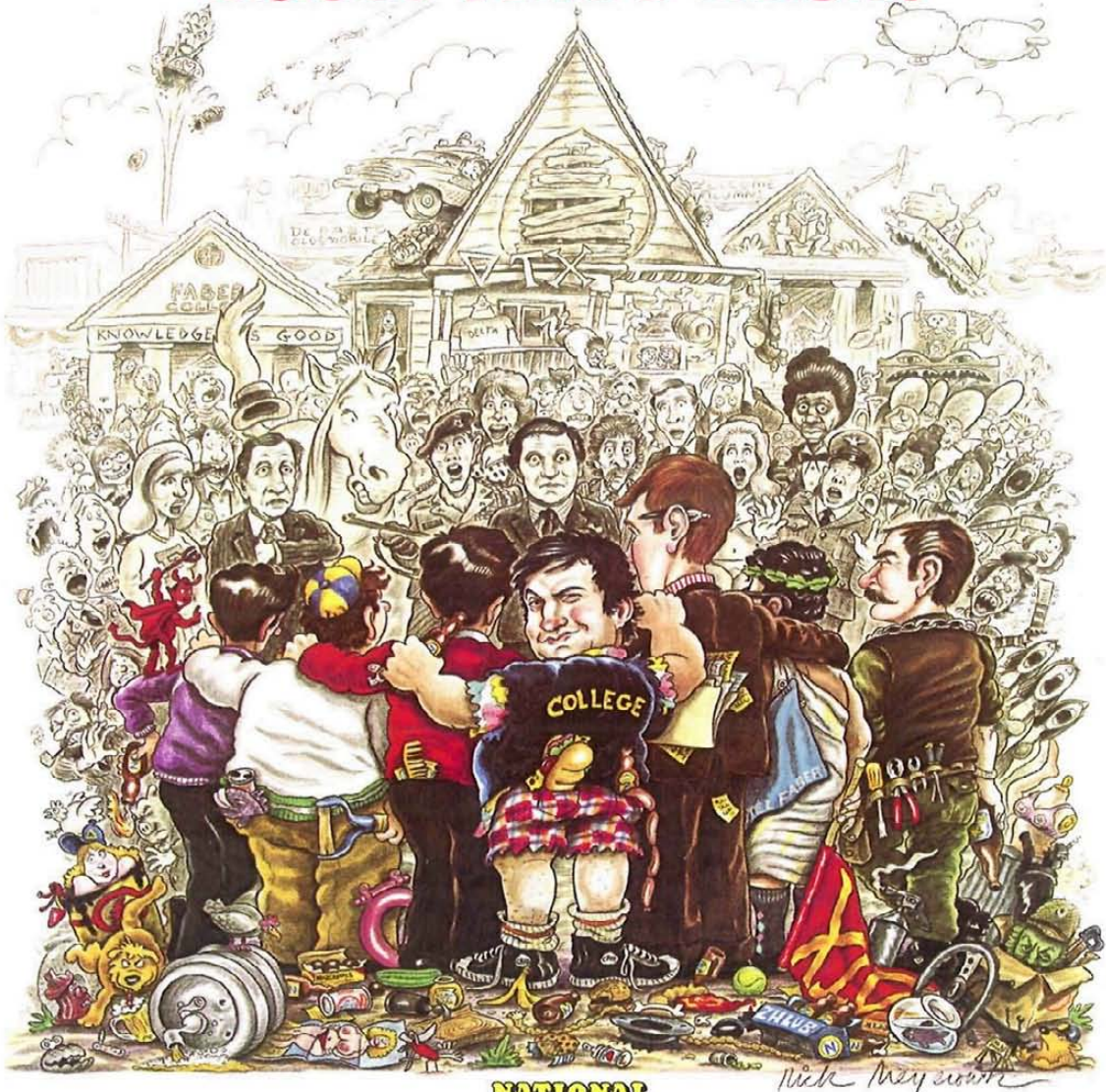
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# Guess Who's Back?



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## **ANIMAL HOUSE**

**The Most Popular Movie Comedy Of All Time**

THE MATTY SIMMONS - IVAN REITMAN PRODUCTION

"NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE" Starring JOHN BELUSHI · TIM MATHESON · JOHN VERNON

VERNA BLOOM · THOMAS HULCE and DONALD SUTHERLAND as JENNINGS

Produced by MATTY SIMMONS and IVAN REITMAN · Music by ELMER BERNSTEIN

Written by HAROLD RAMIS, DOUGLAS KENNEY & CHRIS MILLER · Directed by JOHN LANDIS

Song "ANIMAL HOUSE" Composed and Performed by STEPHEN BISHOP

A UNIVERSAL RE-RELEASE

Original sound tracks on MCA Records & Tapes

National Lampoon's Animal House  
Movie Book at Newsstands and Bookstores

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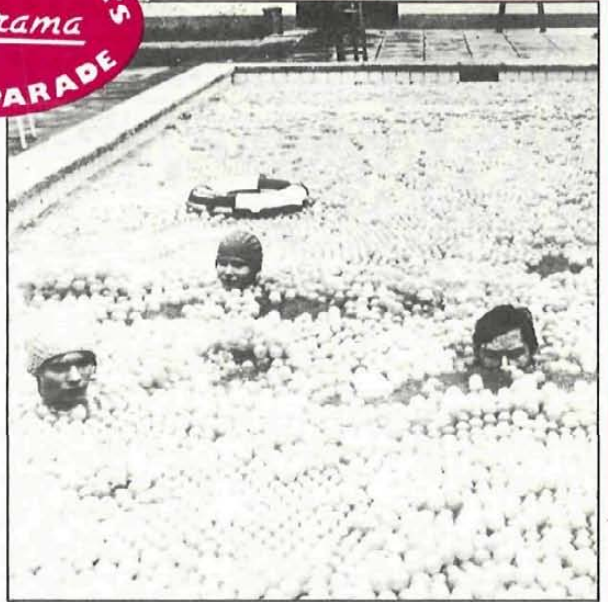
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GERALD SUSSMAN'S  
*Photorama*  
PICTURE PARADE



**Chicago, Illinois** Some of this city's discos that are having problems attracting customers are now hiring "celebrity look-alikes" in the hope of getting desperately needed publicity and chic status. One of the most popular is the Truman Capote look-alike, who is actually a midget with a Capote face mask.



**Austin, Texas** To celebrate his daughter Nina's sixteenth birthday, rancher T.M. Lathrop decided to make two thousand gallons of home-made cider in his swimming pool. Over ten thousand apples were used, as three of his daughter's friends join in the labors to create what Lathrop proudly called "the world's largest bowl of cider."

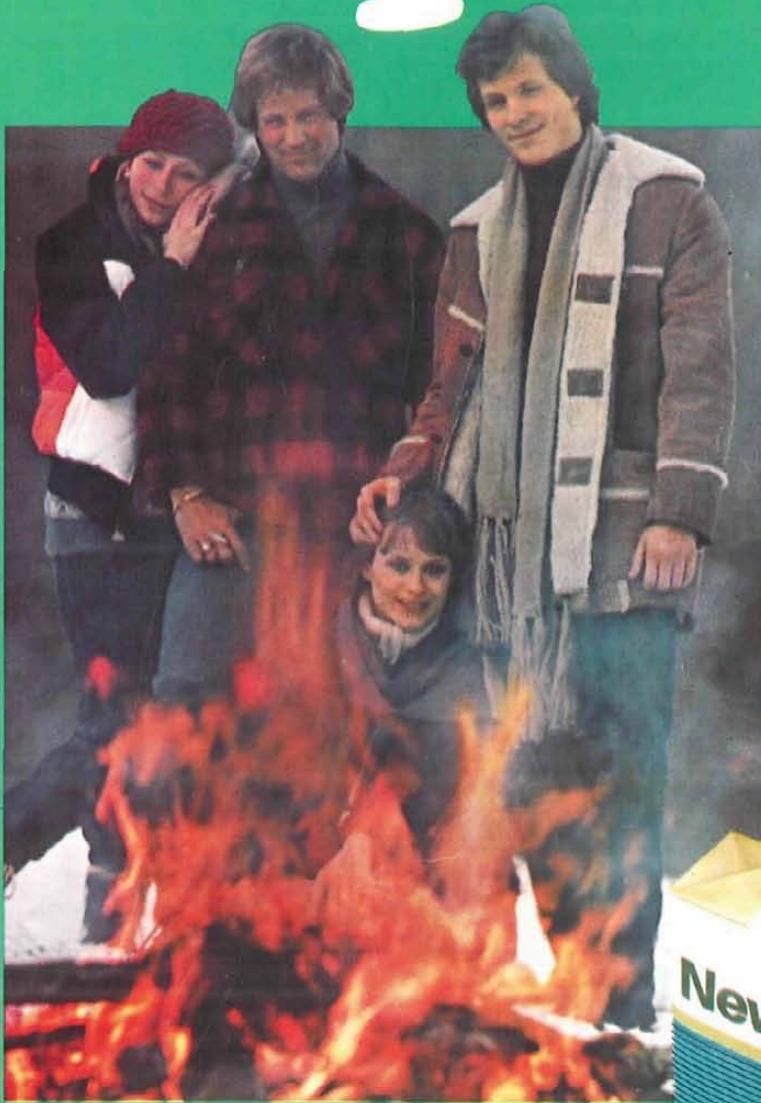


**Rutland, Vermont** Mr. and Mrs. Phillip LaGuerre have trained their twin Saint Bernards to help them in busy traffic and when their windshield gets foggy and difficult to see through. The dogs utter various barks that can signal for red and green lights, stop signs, and sudden stops by the car in front. "Percy and Patty, our dogs, can do almost anything but drive the car itself," said Mrs. LaGuerre.



**Racine, Wisconsin** Clarence Tyrell volunteered to be a "human brake" for the Pemberton Junior High School bus when both the regular and emergency braking systems broke down at the same time. "Missing school is a lot worse than a little wear and tear on my feet," said Tyrell. The bus was fixed within two days.

# *Alive with pleasure!* **Newport**



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978



*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av.  
per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

# Technics

Ask any disc jockey about direct-drive specifications as accurate as these and he'll tell you how important they are. He'll also tell you how expensive they are. Unless he's heard about Technics D Series turntables.

You'll use our D Series turntables for the same reasons radio stations and discos use our professional turntables: the performance of Technics direct drive. Yet perhaps the best part about all this performance is the prices you can have it for.

MODEL	WOW AND FLUTTER (WRMS)	RUMBLE (DIN B)	PRICE*
D1 Manual	0.03%	-75dB	\$125
D2 Semi-Auto	0.03%	-75dB	\$150
D3 Auto	0.03%	-75dB	\$170

\*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

And with Technics, the price includes our B-FG servo-speed control which constantly monitors and instantaneously corrects turntable speed. So even if the power fluctuates, your Technics direct-drive performance won't. That's an important feature.

So is having all the electronic controls on the front panel. You can turn the power on, change speed, change record size (D3), program Memo-Repeat (D3), even vary the pitch by 10%, all without ever lifting the hinged, detachable dust cover. But when you do, you'll discover Technics universal S-shaped statically balanced tonearm. It not only has an anti-skate control but oil-damped cueing, too.

And the base? It's made from Technics unique TNRC base material. So even if you play your music loud, there's little chance of acoustic feedback.

If you thought poor performance was the price you had to pay for an inexpensive turntable, you haven't thought about Technics.

## You might find these direct-drive specifications. But not at these prices.

